

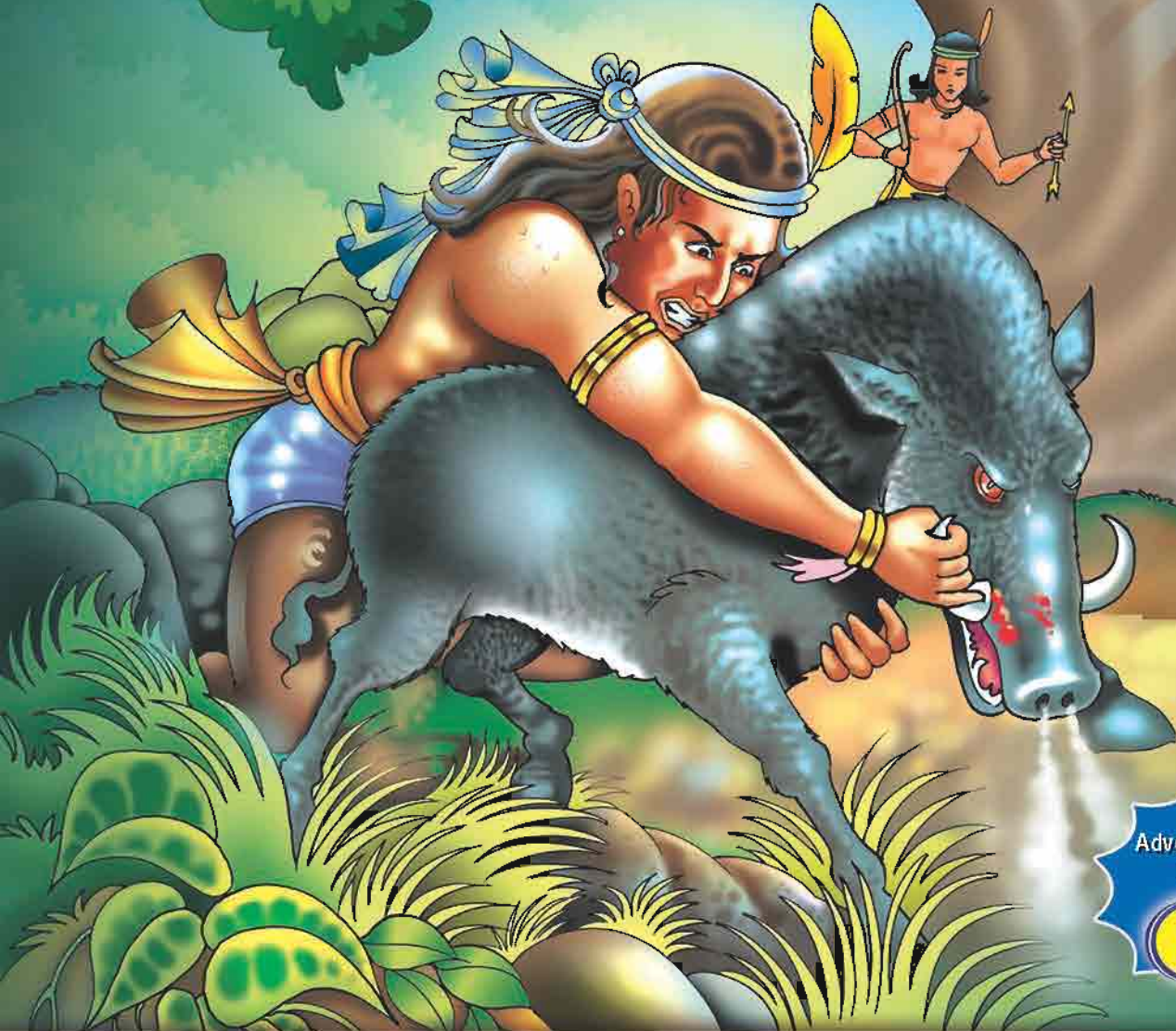


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GET A KING

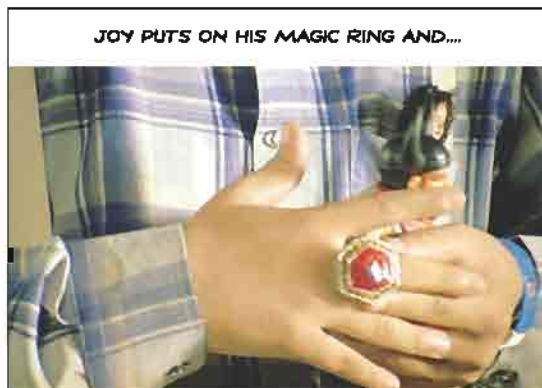
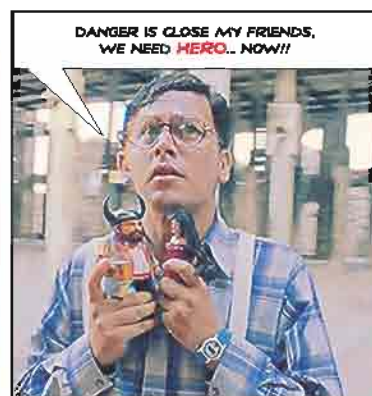
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LET CHILDREN NOT BECOME ROBOTS

The new government at the Centre recently completed one year in office. Coinciding with the occasion, a TV channel held a programme for children belonging to two age groups, between 7 and 8 and 10 and 12. A simple question was put to them: Who is India's Prime Minister? None of them could give the correct answer. One child mentioned the name of the President of India; another child the President of Congress. The anchor persisted and the child emphatically said she had got the name from newspapers!

On May 27, the nation remembered Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru on the occasion of his 41st death anniversary. In some programmes for children, they remembered their 'Chacha' Nehru. Is the name of the present Prime Minister so unfamiliar to children? Not surprisingly, during the show, none of the children took an extra time to reel out the names of the popular stars of the silver screen or the playfields, whether it is cricket, football, hockey or tennis. Without a shadow of doubt, these personalities are more familiar to children.

They cannot be blamed for this strange contradiction. At fault is the present-day system of education. Children are expected to learn much more than what is really required. They do not get an opportunity for thinking, and they do not get a chance to observe what is happening around. They are 'bookworms' of, what can be called, a negative type. There is no space in their mind for creativity or acquiring general knowledge or imbibing human values.

The summer vacation has nearly come to an end, and it is reopening time for schools. Those already functioning have begun 'testing' the extra knowledge the students have gathered during the recess. Those yet to open their portals will follow suit. For what purpose?

Let children be not turned into robots. Allow them to remain human, so that they can lead the nation with pride when they grow up.

Whatever happens in government could have happened differently
and it usually would have been better if it had.

- Charles Frankel

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable unto him.

A new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou
shalt drink it with pleasure. **- Ecclesiastes, IX. 10**

Education can train, but not create, intelligence.

- Edward M Sait

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MAIL BAG



*By e-mail from
Ramhari U. Gholve, Pune*

Despite the fact that my children were away for their holidays, I bought a copy of **Chandamama** June issue as a regular habit. The article "To save the environment" (PCRA Page), on the eve of World Environment Day, impressed me much. After reading it, I wonder how people are unaware in what ways they pollute environment. I wish the article is read by many. Everybody should accept the fact that **Chandamama** prompts the people of our country to protect environment; otherwise they cannot save themselves.

Reader Anup Bharadwaj, Mysore, writes :

I am one of your regular readers. Ruskin Bond stories are my favourites. The features "It happened this month" and "Adventures and Exploration" are very informative. The questions posed by the Vetala and the way Vikram gives the answers are very interesting. Kaleidoscope encourages children's talents. Similarly, the Read and React contest tests children's writing abilities. Devi Bhagavatham gives us glimpses of Indian mythology. In short, **Chandamama** is an all-rounder magazine.

This came from Tausiff G.M., Bijapur:

I have just read your May issue. It is very helpful for the growing youth of tomorrow's world. **Chandamama** is doing a good job to arouse children's reading habit. It also gives us knowledge of literature. One can increase vocabulary by reading the magazine.

Reader Madhu Shaw, Hooghly, writes :

I enjoy myself reading **Chandamama**, because the stories are really thought-provoking and take me to the world of absolute fantasy. "This happened in June" was very interesting.

*This came from Dehra Dun,
from K. Vinoth Vanya :*

Chandamama is a constant source of entertainment to me. I have never missed reading your wonderful magazine.

Md. Monirul Islam, Murshidabad, writes :

Chandamama is good for all children and even adults. I like everything in it. Particularly, I like the Kaleidoscope poems, stories, jokes, and puzzles. By reading the magazine I feel great.

**NEW TALES
OF KING
VIKRAM AND
THE VETALA**

THE GHOSTLY WATCHMAN

It was a dark, moonless night. Occasional flashes of lightning illuminated the sombre scene, causing an eerie dance of jerky shadows in the cremation ground.

Occasionally, a jackal's spine-chilling howl or the blood-curdling laughter of some unseen evil spirit cut into the silence that hung, shroud-like, over the area. Altogether, it was a scene that would strike terror into the bravest of hearts. But nothing could daunt the intrepid King Vikram. Once again, he made his way to the gnarled tree from which the corpse hung. Bones crunched under his feet and a screeching ghost rose from the dust in shuddering frenzy as he marched ahead.

Impervious to all this, he reached the tree and brought down the corpse. Slinging it astride his shoulder, he had just begun his return journey when the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King! Seeing your desperate efforts, I wonder whether it is not some sage who has sent you out on this impossible mission. But one cannot always rely on the words of sages – sometimes they may lead you astray. To illustrate, let me tell you the story of Hariya."

The story the vampire narrated went as follows:

There once lived a trader named Dhanapal who had travelled all over the world and amassed a great deal of wealth by judicious business deals. Finally, he decided to settle down in his ancestral village, Sonpur.

Now he had to find a safe place to store his accumulated wealth. He got a strong-room built near his huge house and transferred all the wealth to it. He then appointed a man named Hariya – a distant relation of his wife, Sumati – to guard this treasury.





However, being a shrewd businessman, Dhanapal trusted no one blindly; so, even though he professed to have full faith in Hariya, in reality he was keeping a close watch on his doings. Unaware of this and unable to resist the lure of the dazzling gold, Hariya helped himself to a few gold coins from the hoard. The apparent success of his theft lulled him into a false sense of security, and he began pilfering a handful of coins every day.

When Dhanapal informed his wife of Hariya's doings, Sumati was all for taking him to task. But Dhanapal said, "We've so much money that the fellow's petty pilferage won't affect us; more than the financial loss, what pains me is the thought that the man whom we trusted has proved himself unworthy of the trust! I shall continue watching him. At the appropriate time, I'll catch him red-handed and teach him a lesson he won't forget in a hurry!"

As days passed, Hariya's loot increased and soon, he had stolen a sackful of gold coins. He emptied them into two clay pots and buried them in his backyard.

Dhanapal thought that the time had now come for

him to act. One day, he summoned the errant watchman and sternly said, "Hariya! I had appointed you in good faith, without even checking your credentials, as you happen to be my wife's kinsman. But you repaid my trust by stealing from the very treasury you were supposed to guard! You've two pots of stolen gold buried in your backyard. What do you have to say for yourself?"

Hariya turned deathly pale; he had never expected his crime to be found out thus. He threw himself at his employer's feet and cried, "I don't know what came over me; I have committed a heinous sin! I've never stolen anything before, nor shall I do it hereafter, I swear! Please pardon me, just this once!"

Dhanapal said, "All right. You may go free, and also keep the gold you stole, but on one condition. I wish to test your skill as a watchman. Within a week's time, I shall steal back the gold you stole from me. I challenge you to catch me out in the act of theft. If you do, the gold is yours; otherwise, I shall hand you over to the king's guards!" Hariya had no choice but to agree.

When Sumati was informed of the happenings, she demanded, "When you *knew* that he was pilfering, you could have caught him red-handed at the very outset! Why, then, did you wait until he had accumulated so much gold?"

"It's not that, Sumati," explained Dhanapal. "Now his peace of mind will desert him, as he'll worry about protecting the stolen gold. The prospect of losing the money will cause him great agony. This agony shall be his punishment for stealing."

Meanwhile, Hariya returned home and told his wife all about the dicey situation he had landed himself in. He sought her advice. After a moment's thought, she suggested, "A sage lives in a cave on the hill bordering our village. People say he is both wise and helpful. Why don't you meet him and request his help?"

The same day, Hariya sought out the sage, confided his problem to him and pleaded with him to help him out. The sage responded, "I'll give you some holy ash. If you scatter it at the spot where you have buried the pots, no one – not even Dhanapal – can touch the pots. This power will last for a week. But there is a catch; by thus preventing

Dhanapal from reclaiming his own property, you will be incurring a heavy burden of sin. So think well and tell me – do you really want to go ahead with this?”

However, the sage’s warning failed to cut any ice with Hariya who, at that moment, was thinking only of how he could retain his booty. He eagerly said, “Please give me the holy ash, O holy sage, I’m ready to face the consequences!”

The sage gave him the ash, and Hariya happily returned home and sprinkled it as per his directions. Everything went as per his plan. In spite of his best efforts, Dhanapal was unable to touch the pots. A week later, he summoned Hariya and ruefully said, “You win, Hariya! As I’ve been unable to fulfil the condition, the pots of gold are yours henceforth.”

Hariya was beside himself with joy. However, his ecstasy was short-lived, as the next moment, he was writhing from a mysterious pain that attacked his entire body. Unable to bear the agony, he ran to the sage and pleaded with him to do something to bring him relief.

“I’m afraid you have brought this pain on yourself,” said the sage. “You robbed a good man of his wealth; moreover, you misused the sacred ash to hold on to your ill-gotten gains! The pain you are experiencing now is the direct consequence of your sin. Now you have two choices. Either you can live with this pain for the rest of your life; or, you must give up your body and guard the wealth in the form of a ghost. But if you opt for the latter course, you will have to keep your transformation a secret. Even your wife should not know about it!”

“I’m unable to endure this agony any longer, O sage! Please turn me into a ghost!” cried Hariya.

Lo and behold! The next moment, he was transformed into a hideous apparition. Appalled at his own ugliness, he asked, “O great soul, when can I hope to recover my human form?”

“The day someone else turns up voluntarily to relieve you of your guard duty,” was the sage’s answer. “Until then, your destiny shall be to stand guard over it, night and day. That is the divine punishment for your greed.”

Hariya, in his ghostly form, began guarding the stolen gold. As he was now invisible, his wife and son did not



know where he was. They searched for him in vain. After a few days, when they found themselves short of money, they tried to dig out the buried wealth, but were scared out of their wits by the ghostly figure that sprang out and confronted them menacingly. Terrified, they fled the village the same night. When he learnt of the disappearance of Hariya and his family, Dhanapal assumed that he must have taken the money and left the village to settle down elsewhere.

Years passed. A man named Kanakadas came to live in the house vacated by Hariya’s family. Kanakadas was a great miser, whose greed had cost him his family. He would not conduct his daughter’s marriage as he did not want to spend money on the wedding; eventually his daughter had married someone of her own choice. His only son had left home, furious with him for his avaricious ways. His wife had fallen ill, pining for her lost children, and died due to lack of medical care. Thus, he was now all alone.

One day, a neighbour presented Kanakadas with a ripe mango. Finding it very delicious, he was struck with

the idea of planting the seed in his backyard so as to get more such mangoes for free!

As he was digging, his spade struck something hard. 'I think I've hit upon some buried treasure!' he thought excitedly. He resumed digging, and soon unearthed the two pots. But just as he was about to lift them out, a fearsome apparition appeared and roared – "You wretch, the gold in those pots is my property. I'll kill you if you touch them!"

Kanakadas was petrified. But the next moment, he recovered his nerve at the thought of the gold and he challenged the ghost, saying, "This land is mine and whatever treasure lies in it is also mine!" He then tried to take the pots, but they evaded his grasp and slipped back into the hole, which then closed by itself. The ghost burst into a loud laughter.

Kanakadas then realised that the only solution lay in placating the ghost. "Mr. Ghost, would you please tell me how I could get possession of the gold?" he asked politely. The ghost told him the whole story of how it had come by the gold and concluded, "Only another ghost can take possession of the wealth. If you still desire it, go to the sage and ask his help!"

Kanakadas wasted no more time; he ran in haste to the sage and told him that he wanted to get the gold, at any cost! The sage looked at him wonderingly and said, "So you wish to obtain the gold, even at the cost of turning into a ghost! Very well; your desire shall be fulfilled."

The delighted Kanakadas bowed to the sage before

running back home to inform the ghost of all that had transpired. The ghost immediately took out both the pots and handed them to him. The next moment, the ghost changed back into Hariya.

As Kanakadas opened the pots and ran his hands over the contents, he cried out in exultation – "Gold! Gold! All mine!" But the very next moment, he fell dead.

Concluding the story at this point, the vampire demanded, "O King, how could the sage's words prove untrue? Hadn't he promised Kanakadas that the gold would be his; why then did Kanakadas die? Was there some cryptic inner meaning in the sage's words? Answer me – if you keep quiet despite knowing the answers, your head shall explode into fragments!"

The king calmly answered, "Kanakadas does not deserve to be called a human being, as he was devoid of any redeeming human virtue. All that he cared about was acquiring more wealth hook or by crook; nothing else mattered! This is amply borne out by his callous treatment of his wife and children. It was his avarice that eventually cost him his life; for, he did not mind becoming a ghost to gain possession of the gold! The sage's words did come true – he got the gold, but as a ghost who would henceforth stand guard over it!"

The vampire nodded in approval. But the very next moment, the vampire, along with the corpse, moved off his shoulder and flew back to the tree. With a little sigh, King Vikram squared his shoulders and started his return journey towards the tree.



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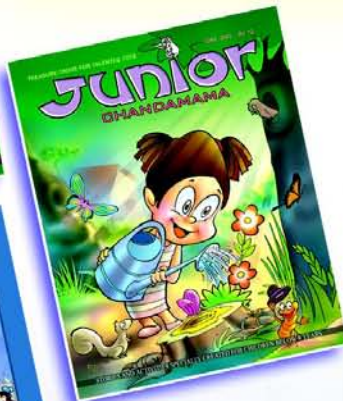
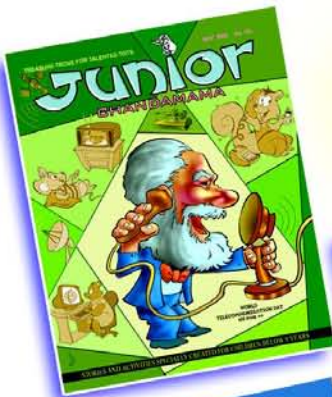
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WHY YOUR SCHOOL SHOULD GET JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA FOR YOUR CHILDREN

I forget that I am a grown-up young man. When I read **Junior Chandamama**, I feel I am a small boy once again.

- T. Sessa Sayana Reddy, Anantapuram.

Junior Chandamama pleases us very much even at this age of 70 years. I congratulate you and hope that you will continue to inspire the head and heart of the young and old.

- C. Kuppuramaiah, Chennai

Telling stories to my daughter (5 years) at bedtime is a herculean task for me. **Junior Chandamama** makes my job easy. It is a treasure-trove for tiny-tots in its true sense; it is not an exaggeration.

- A. Kavitha, Madurai.

We compliment your team for presenting the magazine in such a great fashion, which is very much liked by children.

- G. Sumitramma, Guntakal.

From the
pen of
RUSKIN
BOND



A CHAMELEON CALLED HENRY

This is the story of Henry, our pet chameleon. Chameleons are in a class by themselves and are no ordinary reptiles. They are easily distinguished from their nearest relatives, the lizards, by certain outstanding features. A chameleon's tongue is as long as its body. Its limbs are long and slender and its fingers and toes resemble a parrot's claws. Henry had a rigid crest that looked like a fireman's helmet.

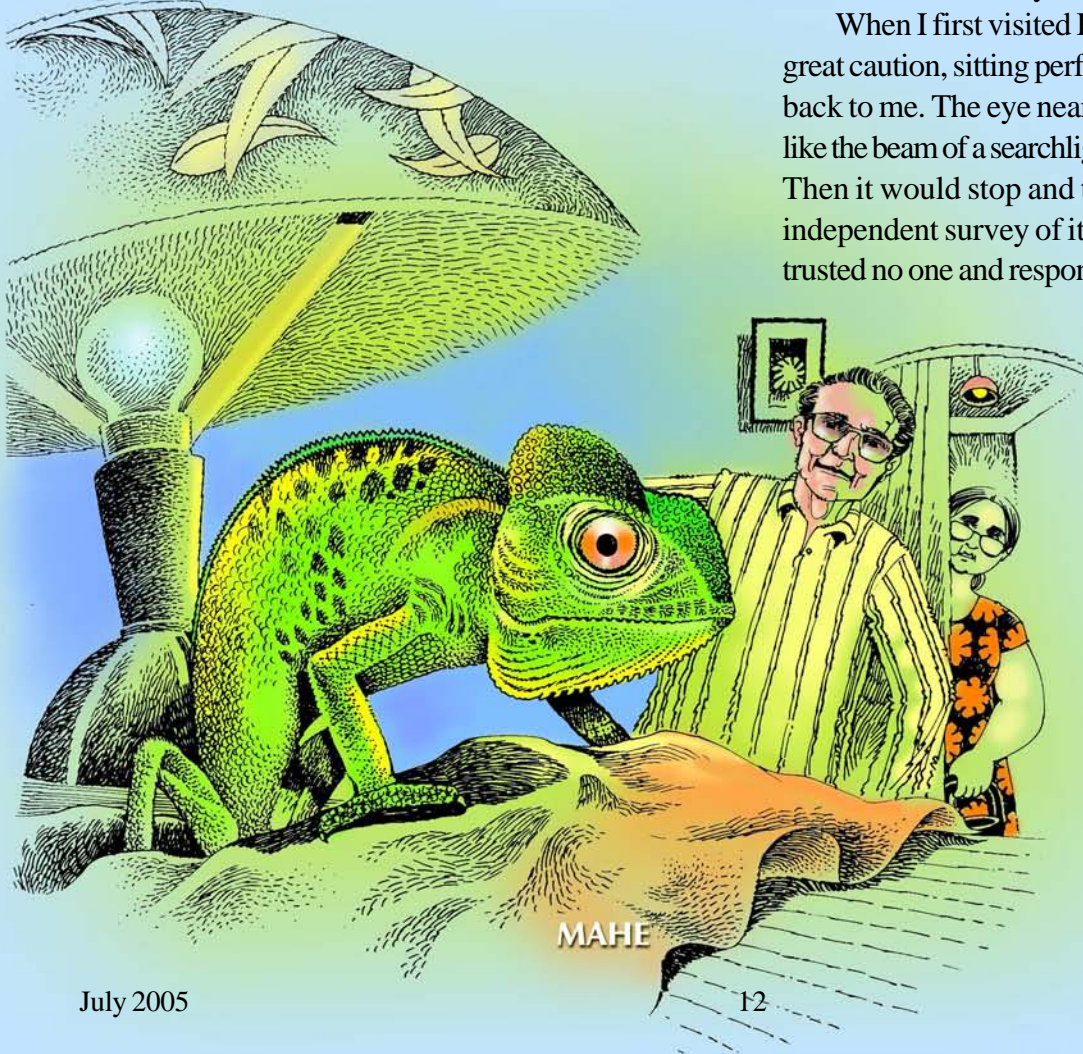
Henry's eyes were his most remarkable feature. They were not beautiful, but his left eye was quite independent of his right. He could move one eye without disturbing the other. Each eyeball, bulging out of his head, wobbled up and down, backward and forward. This frenzied

movement gave Henry a horrible squint. And one look into Henry's frightful gaze was often enough to scare people into believing that chameleons are dangerous.

One day, Grandfather was visiting a friend when he came upon a noisy scene at the garden gate. Men were shouting, hurling stones, and brandishing sticks. The cause of the uproar was a chameleon that had been discovered sunning itself on a shrub. Someone claimed that the chameleon could poison people twenty feet away, simply by spitting at them. The residents of the area had risen up in arms. Grandfather was just in time to save the chameleon. He brought the little reptile home. That chameleon was Henry.

When I first visited Henry, he would treat me with great caution, sitting perfectly still on his perch with his back to me. The eye nearer to me would move around like the beam of a searchlight until it had me well in focus. Then it would stop and the other eye would begin an independent survey of its own. For a long time Henry trusted no one and responded to my friendliest gestures only with grave suspicion.

Tiring of his wary attitude, I would tickle him gently in the ribs with my finger. This always threw him into a great rage. He would blow himself up to an enormous size as his lungs filled up with air, while his colour changed from green to red. He would sit up on his hind legs, swaying from side to side, hoping to overawe me. Opening his mouth very wide, he would let out an angry hiss. But his threatening display went no further.





Henry was a harmless fellow. If I put my finger in his mouth, even during his wildest moments, he would simply wait for me to take it out. His rigid jaws carried a number of finely pointed teeth. But Henry seemed convinced that his teeth were there for chewing food, not fingers.

Henry was sometimes willing to take food from my hands. This he did in a swift action. His tongue performed like a boomerang and always came back to him with the food. Although Henry didn't cause any trouble in our house, he did create somewhat of a riot in the nursery down the road. It started out quite innocently.

When the papayas in our orchard were ripe, Grandmother sent a basketful to her friend Mrs. Ghosh, who was the Principal of the nursery school. While the basket remained waiting, Henry went searching for beetles and slipped in among the papayas, unnoticed. The gardener dutifully carried the basket to the school and left it in Mrs. Ghosh's office. When Mrs. Ghosh returned after making her rounds, she began examining and admiring the papayas. And out popped Henry.

Mrs. Ghosh screamed. Henry squinted up at her,

both eyes revolving furiously. Mrs. Ghosh screamed again. Henry's colour changed from green to yellow to red. His mouth opened as though he, too, would like to scream. An assistant teacher rushed in, took one look at the chameleon, and joined in the shrieking.

Henry was terrified. He fled from the office running down the corridor and into one of the classrooms. There he climbed up on the teacher's table, while children ran in all directions—some to get away from Henry, some to catch him. Henry finally made his exit through a window and disappeared in the garden.

Grandmother heard about the incident from Mrs. Ghosh but did not mention that the chameleon was from our house. It might have spoiled their friendship.

Grandfather and I didn't think Henry would find his way back to us, because the school was three blocks away. But a few days later, I found him sunning himself on the garden wall. Although he looked none the worse for his adventure, he never went abroad again. Henry spent the rest of his days in the garden, where he kept the insect population well within bounds.



JULY BORN-NARLIKAR

Jayant Vishnu Narlikar is ranked among eminent astrophysicists and cosmologists of the world. Along with the British astrophysicist Sir Fred Hoyle and Geoffrey Burbidge, Narlikar is credited with a new concept regarding the mysteries of the origin and structure of the Universe.

J. V. Narlikar was born on July 19, 1938 in Kolhapur, Maharashtra. He graduated in mathematics and physics from Banaras Hindu University in 1957. The same year he joined Cambridge University from where he graduated in mathematics and astronomy with topmost honours.

In 1960 he began intense investigations in astrophysics under the guidance of Fred Hoyle and was awarded Ph.D. in 1963. His outstanding contributions in cosmology were recognized in 1976 when he received the Sc.D. degree from Cambridge, its highest doctorate for "Distinguished Research".

Narlikar's work with Hoyle initially related to the model of the steady-state universe, proposed in 1948 by Hoyle and his colleagues. Hoyle's concept challenged the then widely accepted "Big Bang" theory in cosmology which stated that the universe at its beginning was a mere point in a state of infinite density and infinite temperature. The infinitely dense and infinitely hot point exploded and began expanding at infinite velocity in all directions in a 'wink of time'; stars, galaxies, clusters of galaxies and other heavenly objects formed in due course owing to interaction of particles and radiation during expansion. This theory became the most-favoured in cosmology; however, Fred Hoyle made fun of it and called it "Big Bang" and proposed his steady-state theory.

In 1993, Hoyle, Burbidge and Narlikar put forward a modified concept called the Quasi-Steady-State Cosmology (QSSC). According to this, the universe goes through fluctuations with alternating periods of expansion and contraction; during the explosions or *minibangs*, particles of matter are continuously created inside highly compact massive objects close to the black hole state owing to their strong gravity; they are ejected with great force into space; thus a quasi-steady state is maintained by the universe. This model does not subscribe to a beginning, end or a big bang of the universe.

Narlikar came back to India in 1972 as Professor of Astrophysics at the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research. In 1989 he became the Founder-Director of the Inter University Centre for Astronomy and Astrophysics (IUCAA) in Pune. His stewardship continued till he retired in 2003.

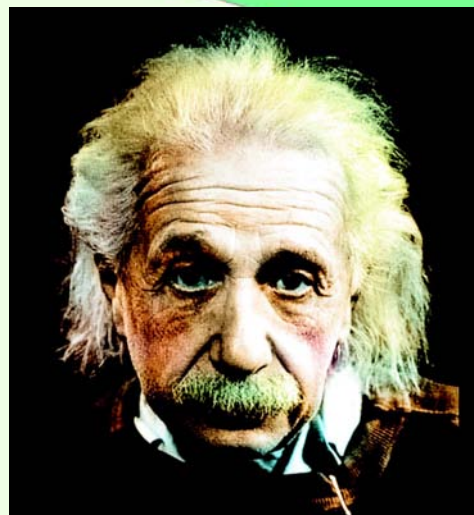
Narlikar has also won distinction as a popular science writer in English, Hindi and Marathi. He has been highly successful in writing science fiction. For his meritorious work as a science writer, he was awarded the UNESCO's prestigious Kalinga Prize.

CENTENARY OF A THEORY

This year the world celebrates the centenary of the Theory of Relativity propounded by Albert Einstein, the greatest scientist ever. In 1905, Einstein (26), a clerk in the Swiss patent office at Berne, published in a German science journal four epoch-making scientific papers, including one on the famous Special Theory of Relativity. In those papers he formulated utterly new and fundamental postulates in different branches of physics which, in turn, led to a large number of inventions and discoveries, and brought innumerable benefits to humanity.

The theory in a nutshell is: 1. There is nothing like *ether* in space; 2. The phenomenon, *photoelectric effect*, by which electrons are emitted by certain metals when light of a given frequency falls on them, is explained by the postulate that light consists of individually distinct packets of energy particles —Einstein gave the name *photon* for the particle of light— and that the energy of the emitted electrons depends on the frequency of the incident light and not on its intensity (*the elaboration of this postulate formed the basis of quantum mechanics; it later won for him the Nobel Prize in 1921*); 3. the velocity of light is a universal constant and is the same in all directions in free space and no object can move faster than light; 4. besides the usual three dimensions of space, there is a fourth dimension, that of time; 5. mass, which was thought to be indestructible, can be converted to energy and energy to mass; the classic equation given by Einstein is $E = mc^2$, where c is the velocity of light.

The centenary of Einstein's theory is being observed as *the World Year of Physics*.



QUOTABLE QUOTES

Every scientist who is worth anything has a double loyalty, to science as well as to his country.
—J.B.S.Haldane (1892-1964)

The most incomprehensible thing about the universe is that it is comprehensible.
—Albert Einstein (1879-1955)

In questions of science, the authority of a thousand is not worth the humble reasoning of a single individual.
—Galileo Galilei (1564-1642)

Man in search of knowledge of the universe is like a potato bug in a potato in a sack lying in the hold of a ship, trying to discover, from the ship's motion, the nature of the vast sea.
—Sir Arthur Eddington (1882-1944)

SCIENCE QUIZ

1. Which Indian State has the largest manganese deposit?
a) Rajasthan b) Jharkhand c) Orissa d) Bihar.
2. Which country has the largest number of tigers?
a) Cuba b) Chile c) India d) China.
3. Name the human organ for aiding the functioning of which is dialysis resorted to.
a) Liver b) Lung c) Kidney d) Heart.
4. Which is the country known as the land of white elephants?
a) Australia b) Thailand c) Bangladesh d) Philippines.

Answers: 1. (c) Orissa, 2. (c) India, 3. (c) Kidney, 4. (b) Thailand.



THE BHILS

Hundreds of years ago, in Birnagar lived Kamala and her son. She was not his real mother, but she had brought him up as her own son and given him good education. She had been the chief maid to Queen Pushpavati of Vallabhi, in present-day Saurashtra in Gujarat.

King Siladitya came from the great Surya dynasty. He ruled his kingdom well. He endeared himself to his subjects with his nobility and justice. Peace prevailed in the kingdom and the people enjoyed prosperity.

It was the time when the Tartars had invaded India. Their aim was only to plunder and loot. Soon, they were knocking at Vallabhi. Siladitya had a powerful army and would have easily defeated the marauders. The Tartars also knew that they would meet with stiff challenge from Siladitya. So, they played mischief. They bribed some of his ministers and, with their help, they made a pact with his commander-in-chief as well. They now waited for an opportunity.

That came when a son was born to Queen Pushpavati and the gates were thrown open for the people to come in and greet the prince. At the same time the Tartars decided to attack Vallabhi. King Siladitya found that his commander had deserted him. He mustered some soldiers and gave battle to the Tartars who outnumbered the forces of Siladitya.

King Siladitya was killed in the battle. When the news of his death reached the palace, Queen Pushpavati decided to escape with her son. Her maid Kamala and a few attendants accompanied her. At the outskirts of the city, the attendants were reluctant to proceed further and they went back to the city, leaving the queen and the newborn prince to their fate. But Kamala was loyal and she guided the queen to a temple where they stayed for the night. When morning came, they found a cave and took shelter there.

The long walk, without any food or drink, had



exhausted the queen. She fell ill, but Kamala was helpless. In her presence the queen breathed her last, leaving the baby to her care. Kamala decided that she would bring up the prince as well as she could. After a long and tiresome journey, she managed to reach Birnagar where her own parents lived. They began calling the prince Goh.

Now Birnagar bordered where the Bhils had a territory for themselves. Their chieftain was Mandalik. As Siladitya had waived payment of tribute or taxes by the tribals, they had great respect for him. Following his death at the hands of the Tartars, Mandalik declared independence and continued as the ruler of the Bhils.

GET A KING

The young Goh made friends with the Bhil boys who taught him the use of the bow and arrow and initiated him into hunting. One day, Goh and his friends went a-hunting and soon found themselves in a thick jungle. Suddenly, a wild boar attacked the boys. They had only their bows and arrows with them. Goh threw away his bow and arrows and wrestled with the boar. The Bhil boys could now aim arrows at the animal which soon lay dead.

They carried Goh on their shoulders and presented him before their chieftain. Mandalik listened to their narration and was told how Goh had taken on the wild boar single handed. The boys were all praise for Goh, for he had saved them from being killed by the boar.

Mandalik was meeting Goh for the first time. So, he queried, "What's your name, my young friend?"

"I'm Goh," replied the prince simply.

"Who are your parents?" asked the chieftain.

Before Goh could reply, his Bhil friends said, "He's a brahmin boy living in Birnagar. We're friends. He plays with us and goes hunting with us, too."

"You, a brahmin boy, could wrestle with a wild boar? It's unbelievable!"

Goh smiled and suddenly felt shy. He raised his hand

to cover his face. It was then that Mandalik noticed the amulet Goh was wearing on his arm. "Would you take off your amulet and show it to me?"

It was a practice in those days to tie newborn infants with an amulet which would contain details of himself and his parentage. During the birthday celebrations, Queen Pushpavati had tied an amulet on the young prince, and it had always remained on his arm. Goh appeared reluctant to take it off his person. "I've worn it ever since my birth and I don't know whether I'm supposed to remove it at any time."

"I merely want to examine it and it will again be tied," assured Mandalik. He signalled to the Bhil boys and they now removed the amulet.

Mandalik opened the amulet and read the inscription inside. Suddenly, he jumped out of his stone throne and embraced Goh. "You're the son of King Siladitya who was a good friend of the Bhils." He called out to the tribesmen and women, who gathered in their hundreds. "He's the son of our friend King Siladitya, who was killed by the evil Tartars. Prince Goh should be crowned."

Meanwhile, some of the Bhil boys had gone to Birnagar to convey the glad news to Goh's mother. Kamala and her father rushed to meet Goh whom they saw seated on the stone throne surrounded by chieftain Mandalik and Bhil men and women. Kamala shed tears of joy and described how Queen Pushpavati had escaped from Vallabhi with her infant son at the dead of night.

Now Mandalik and his men had no doubt about the identity of Goh. But he declared that he had no intention to go back to Vallabhi and would like to remain with his Bhil friends. At Mandalik's instance, the coronation of Goh as the King of the Bhils was performed in a grand way. Later, Goh founded a dynasty called Gehlots, who at one time ruled over a large part of northwestern India.



GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

The emissary went away. “My lord, the words that Indra used were too derogatory to you to be repeated by me. In brief, he is ready to meet your challenge.”

“Sheer audacity!” cried out Mahishasura. “Who does not know that it is more through tricks than through valour that Indra has retained his position? Does he not employ the nymphs to distract the hermits from their spiritual goal? What does he know of fighting? I shall finish him in no time. In fact, I intend to put an end to the whole race of gods. Vishnu who always helps them should be punished, too.”

He summoned the leading demons and told them, “Heaven is a luxurious place. Gods have enjoyed the place far too long. It is time you drove them out of heaven and occupied it.”

The demons were quite happy at the prospect of conquering heaven for themselves.

In heaven, Indra called the leading gods and said, “Mahishasura, who has grown audacious on account of a boon from Brahma, had sent an emissary with an offending proposal. I had to reject it. He has now threatened war. No doubt, he is very powerful. But there is no way out for us. We must fight. It is important for us to know the strength of the demon-king’s army.”

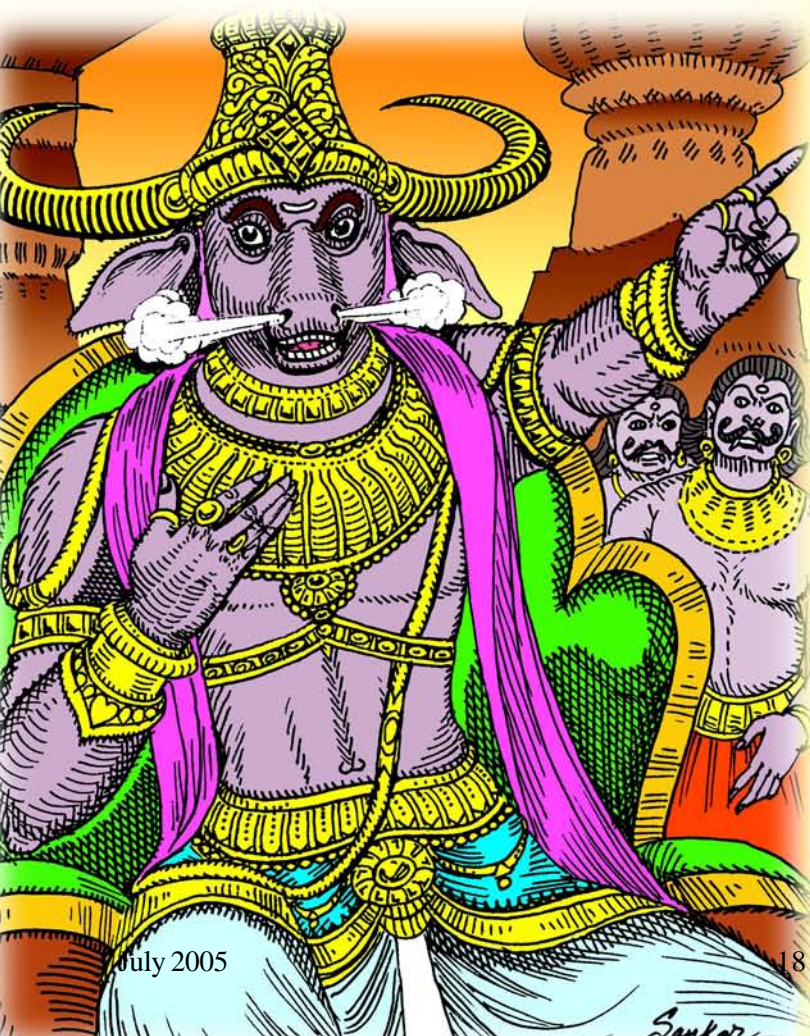
The gods agreed with him. A capable spy was despatched to survey the army of Mahishasura. The spy’s report astounded Indra. He met Brihaspati, the priest and guide of the gods, and said, “I had no idea that Mahishasura had mobilised such a huge army. What is your advice to us?”

“This is a critical situation. What you must muster now is patience and courage. It is your duty to try to protect this domain of the gods to the best of your capacity. I can be of no help to you except wishing you victory,” said Brihaspati.

“I will, of course, do my best. But the foe we are facing is terrible. He believes that the boon of Brahma has made him invincible. He thinks that the conflict between the gods and the demons has gone on for a very long time, and it should be brought to an end. According to his idea, to subdue or to vanquish the gods once for all should be the best solution to the problem. What should be the best course of action for us?”

“O King, no demon can be more powerful than Providence. The question is whether providential support will be available to us or not. For the rest, my advice is not likely to be of any worth to you, because in a war it is the king’s mind and not a priest’s that works fast.”

19. GODS IN A QUANDARY



Indra went to Brahma, "O Lord," he said, "the proud Mahishasura is about to attack heaven. We are feeling quite uneasy about it. We seek your advice as to how we should face the challenge."

"The issue should not be tackled without the advice of Shiva and Vishnu. Let's go to them," said Brahma.

First they went to Mount Kailas, the abode of Shiva. Thereafter the three met Vishnu.

The three gods assured Indra that their help will be available to him. In the meanwhile the demons came rushing upon heaven. Indra met them with the army of gods. A fierce battle was fought. But the gods had no luck. The demons soon conquered heaven. Mahishasura sat on Indra's throne.

The leading demons took charge of the various important areas of heaven. They became the masters of all the treasures and splendours of heaven. The gods fled and took shelter in the sea, on the hills and in forests. They could not think of returning to heaven.

Indra and some other gods met Brahma again. "Is our defeat at the hands of the demons final? Is there anything we can do to recover our lost position?"

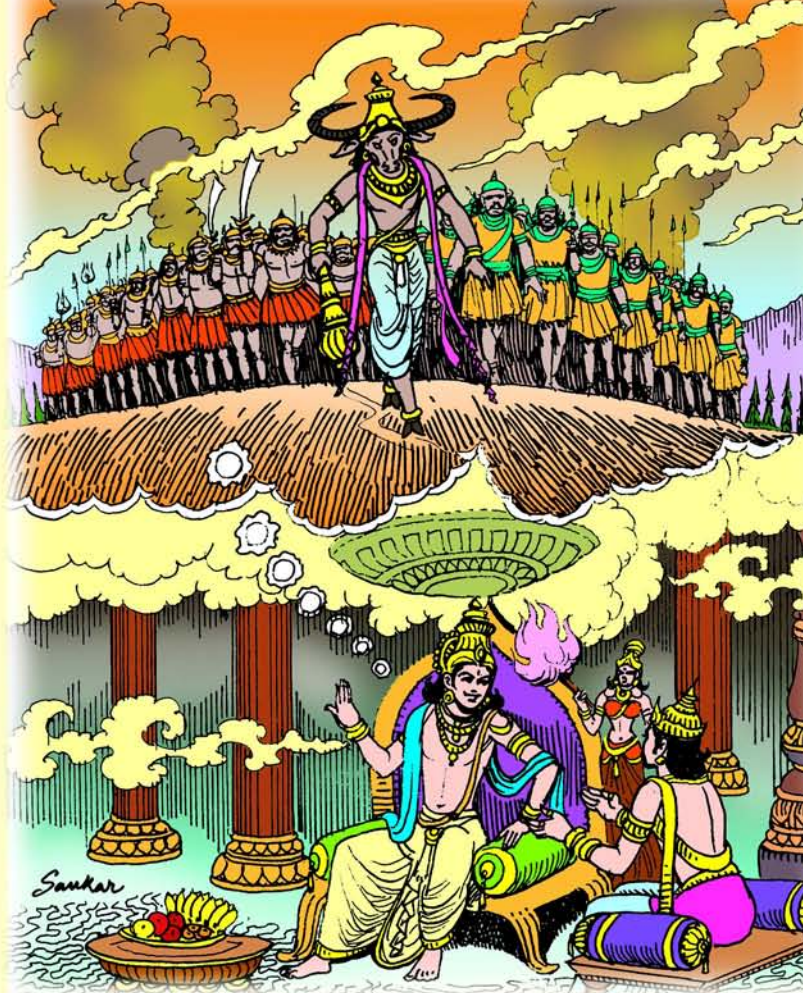
"The demon-king cannot be killed by any male member of the races of gods, men or demons. Who then can kill him? Let's consult Vishnu and Shiva once again," said Brahma. He led them to Shiva.

"Aren't you the source of the demon-king's strength? Isn't it because of your boon that he has grown so audacious? But where is the woman who would go forward to confront him? Will Shachi, the wife of Indra, dare to meet the demon in a battle? I don't think so. Let's seek Vishnu's counsel," said Shiva.

They hurried to Vishnu. He heard about Brahma's boon and said, "If Mahishasura cannot be killed by any god, he can only be killed by a goddess. Let's contribute our powers to the creation of a deity."

The gods lost no time in throwing their powers, with the combination of which emerged a luminous goddess. To her eighteen hands, the gods offered their various weapons.

"Fear not. The demon shall be vanquished by me!" said the goddess.



She went forward and gave out a sharp war-cry. That startled the demon-king. 'Who made such a noise? Surely not the defeated gods. Who then?' wondered Mahishasura and he directed his lieutenants to capture whoever had made that sound.

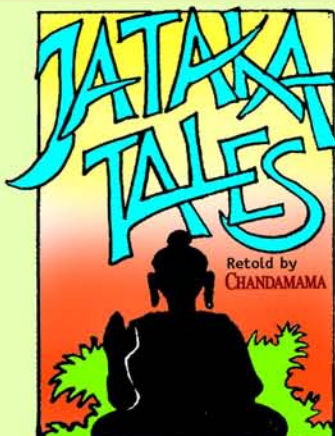
Some of the demons at once went out to capture the goddess. But they returned to their king as fast as they had gone out and said, "A lady seated on a lion, her eighteen hands holding weapons, is coming in this direction. She inspires panic in all!"

"Panic! Only such a lady deserved to be my queen. Go, my friends, offer her the position and bring her to me," said Mahishasura, looking at his ministers.

They approached the goddess and said, "We do not know who you are and how you ought to be addressed. But the king of the three domains is willing to make you his queen."

"Well, I'm out to destroy the menace that is your king. You fellows are innocent. Keep away," said the goddess with a smile of compassion for the old demons.

(To continue)



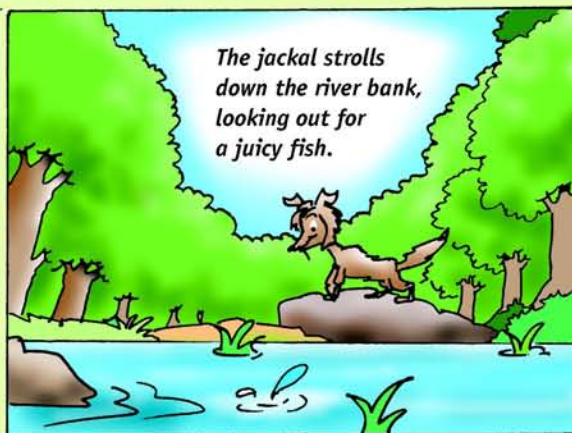
A jackal lives with his wife on the banks of a river, in a forest. One day, his wife makes a strange request!



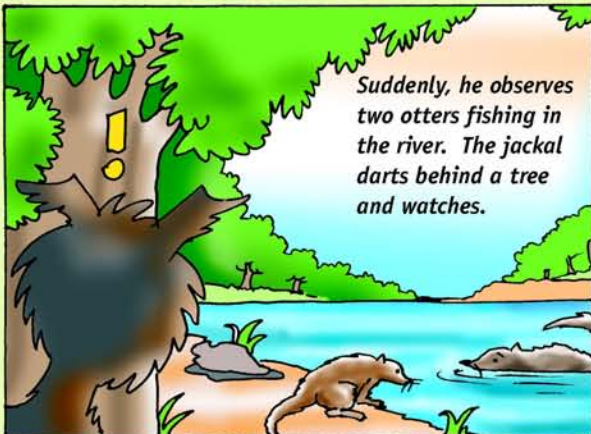
I feel like eating a plump and juicy fish today. Can you get one for me?



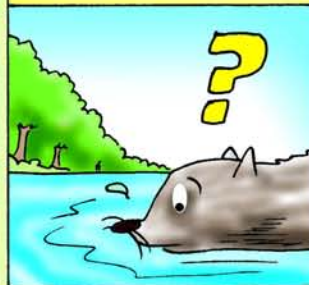
The jackal strolls down the river bank, looking out for a juicy fish.



Suddenly, he observes two otters fishing in the river. The jackal darts behind a tree and watches.



One of the otters has caught a huge fish. But what's this? The fish is dragging the otter into the river!



Don't just stand there and gape! Why don't you help me land this fish?



His friend comes to help...



... and the two manage to drag the fish to the land.



Mmm... juicy! I'll take the head. Ooo... mouth-watering!



THE ARBITER

The two otters start quarrelling about how the fish should be divided.



Without my help, you could not have brought the fish ashore. So I'll have the head.



The jackal seizes the chance and runs to the scene.



The otters explain the situation to him.

The two of us together caught this fish. But we cannot decide how to share it.



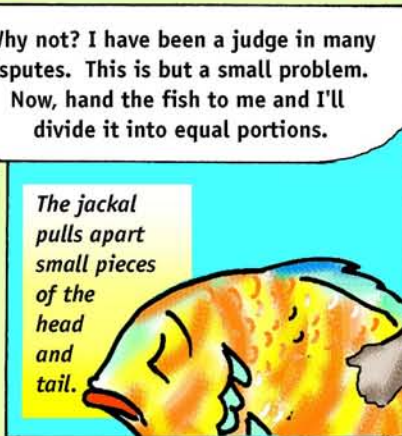
Will you please solve our problem and help us divide the fish equally?



Why not? I have been a judge in many disputes. This is but a small problem. Now, hand the fish to me and I'll divide it into equal portions.



The jackal pulls apart small pieces of the head and tail.



He hands them over to the otters.



Two equal parts for you two!

And the middle portion of this juicy fish is my fee for settling the dispute amicably between you!



Carrying the big portion, the jackal runs away. The two otters cry over the loss caused by their foolishness.



JT-10/2, 2000 The End.

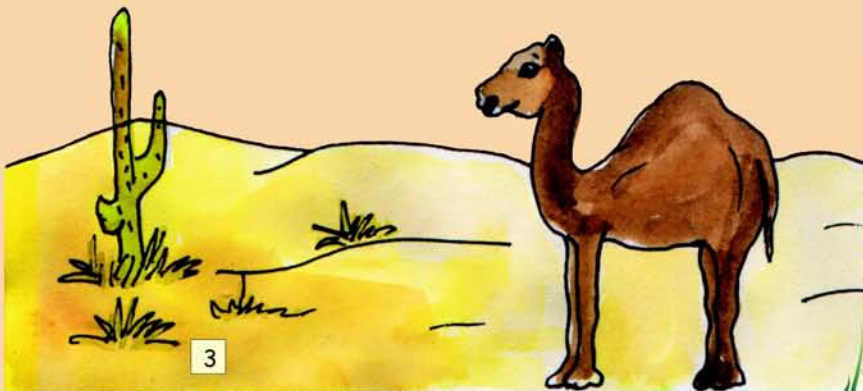
Fun with

"Jullay, children! 'Jullay' is the way we greet each other where I live. Do you know who I am and where I am from? Well, I'm a marmot and I'm called Phiya. I live high up in the mountains in Ladakh in Jammu and Kashmir."

"The Marmots in my colony tell me that land across India is not the same. Some places are hot, others cold, some lush and green, while others are barren and brown. It rains heavily in some areas and very little in others. Soils can be rich and fertile, or clayey, or porous."

Here are some sketches that I made of the places that I visited. Can you match them with the following names of the ecosystems?

- (a) Desert (b) Wetland (c) Grassland (d) Marine
(e) Forest (f) Mangrove



"Hope you liked my sketches! I have also made little riddles for each of the ecosystems. See if you can guess the name of the ecosystem described in each."

1. Tides that are high and low,
Over here, ebb and flow;
Trees have roots above the ground,
The fiddler crab waits on a mound.
Fish and shrimp are here to breed,
Kingfishers and crocodiles have plenty to eat.

2. Shrubs, creepers, a variety of trees,
Teeming with mammals, birds and bees.
My floor is littered with thousands of leaves,
I provide for many human needs.

3. Pond, marsh, lagoon, lake,
Various watery forms I take.
Algae, lilies with grass and reed,
Flamingoes, ducks and storks I feed.

Phiya!



And you don't find us marmots everywhere!"

"So young friends, join me on a journey to discover these places (with different types of soils and climates that support different kinds of plants and animals) or "ecosystems" as they are called. We will do this through a page full of activities. Look out for me in the coming issues."



4. Wide stretches of tall, green, grass;
Where blackbuck, chinkaras, wolves, pass.
Grasshoppers and crickets chirp with glee;
Shepherds with their flocks you see.



5. Three-fourths of the Earth I wrap around,
Here turtles, whales and sharks abound.
Salty waters, waves that spray,
Where plankton, dolphins, fisher folk play.

6. Scorching sun, shifting sands,
Prickly plants, camels, caravans.
Gerbil, fox, snake and hare,
This land with nomads they share!

Answers

6-Desert
5-Marine
4-Grassland
3-Wetland
2-Forest
1-Mangrove
Riddles
e-1-f-6
a-3-b-4-c-2-d-5,
Sketches



A FOLK TALE FROM TAMILNADU

THE GREEDY INNKEEPER

This happened in Madurai. It was a flourishing city in the days of the Pandyan rulers. Chami was a sweeper. He had to get up early and start his work. The king rode out for worship at the temple. That is why the streets had to be kept clean. The king drove in a golden coach driven by two horses. The two bodyguards, who rode before the king himself came, might be looking at the streets. So, he must do his work diligently.

That day as the bodyguards went past him, he took



a good look at them. They wore a rich red brocade uniform and purple silk turbans. 'I wonder what it is like to be a bodyguard of the king,' he thought.

Chami soon finished his work and went back home, where he found his wife Meenakshi combing her long black tresses. He sat on the cot after he had had a hurried wash at the well in the courtyard. By then his wife brought him a tumbler of fresh milk.

"You know, Meena, I've never seen more beautiful horses. I'm wondering what it is like to ride one of them," said Chami, looking into her eyes.

"You mean the horses of the bodyguards?" Meenakshi responded "You would be too scared to ride one, anyway!" She picked up the tumbler and went inside.

Chami followed her to the kitchen. "I wouldn't be scared, and I would prove it to you, one day," he said, as if he was throwing a challenge.

Meenakshi appeared irritated. "We don't have enough for the next meal, and it's ridiculous to think of horses. We must have a new thatch for this house before the monsoon comes. Why don't you go to the mountains and pray for enough money to repair the house? Let me now go to the Zamindar's house. Today it is his grandson's birthday. There will be more work, and I can expect some extra money and probably some food also for both of us."

"If you say so, Meenakshi, I shall go to the mountains," said Chami resignedly. "And you try to get some food. I shall return by then."

'She doesn't believe me, but come what may, I shall go to the mountains whether there is any god or not,' he said softly as he walked fast. He looked back once; he

could see one end of her sari as she came out and walked in the opposite direction. He also saw his broom with the long handle leaning against the wall of their house. That reminded him; he should be back before morning to sweep the streets clean to welcome the king's coach.

Chami walked fast and he soon saw the black mountains ahead. On reaching the foothills, he climbed the steep rocky slopes. After he had climbed some height, Chami saw a cave and the thought of resting his weary legs came to him. He lay down, resting his head on his turban now rolled into a pillow. Soon he was asleep.

"Chami! Wake up!" He thought he was dreaming. No, he really felt someone was shaking him. There was no one, but he had really felt the shake. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. He looked around; there was no one.

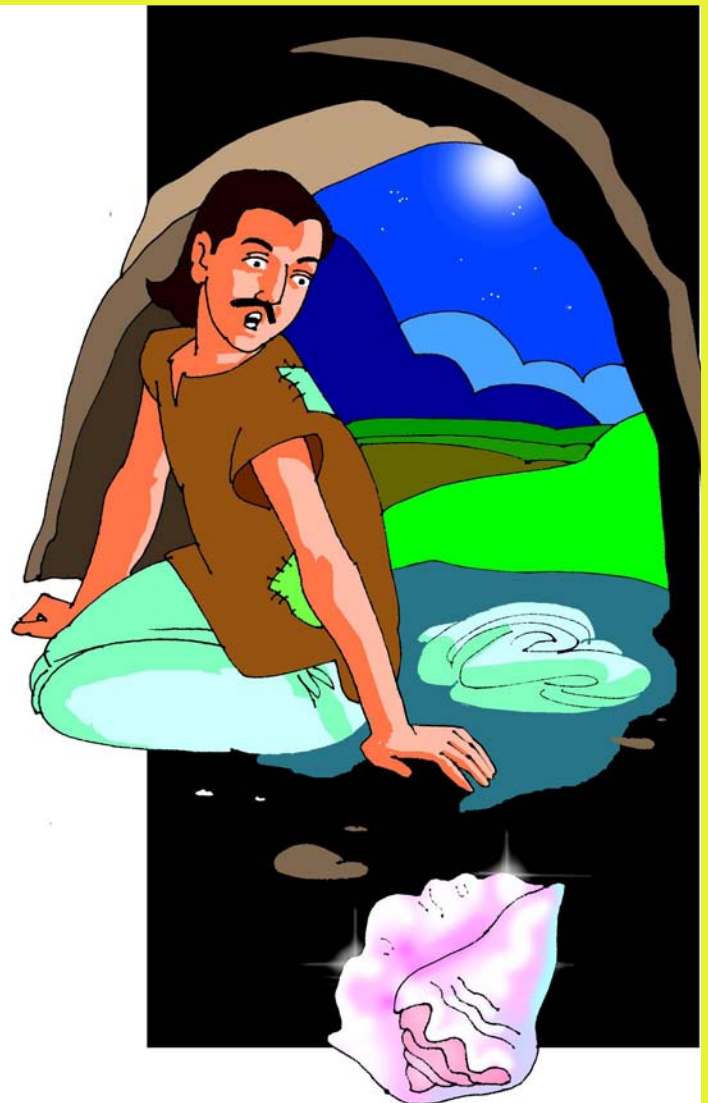
The voice came back. "Chami! You came here to meet the mountain god. I'm Malaivanan. You'll find a conch behind you. Every time you blow it, think of a wish. Food, money, new thatch, horses.... whatever you wish for will be yours."

Chami stood up and looked behind. There was a sparkling white conch on the floor of the cave. He picked it up and tied it at one end of the turban and started walking back home. The sun was about to set. He speeded up his gait and soon he had left the mountains far behind. However, when darkness enveloped the land, he was unable to see his way. He moved cautiously till he found a light burning. It was a wayside inn. He decided to stay there for the night. The owner showed him a room and went to fetch food for the guest. Did he hear the sound of a conch being blown? Who could that be? And where did the sound come from?

The innkeeper brought the food, and as he was serving his guest, he casually asked him. "By the way, did you blow a conch?"

"Yes, I did," said Chami who saw the innkeeper looking around. He showed him the conch which he had already tied up in his turban. While he ate he told the innkeeper how he happened to go up the mountain and how the mountain-god had blessed him with a magic conch. He said he had blown the conch for money to pay for the room and the food.

The innkeeper was a greedy fellow. He waited for



Chami to fall sleep and then slowly crept into his room, untied the turban and replaced the magic conch with an ordinary conch of the same size. When morning came, Chami was about to pay for the room and food, but the innkeeper caught hold of his hands and said, "I feel honoured that I met someone like you. I treat you as my guest. Whenever you pass this way, please come and be my guest."

Chami thanked him and hurried home. On the way, he thought, 'Why should I work as a sweeper? I can now enjoy all that I wish for.'

Meenakshi greeted her husband with a big smile and went in and brought his tumbler of fresh milk. "Well, did you meet the mountain-god?"

"What do you think of your husband?" With that introduction, he began his long narration, while he untied his turban and took out the conch.



Meenakshi got excited.
“Let me see! Let me try it!”

Holding the conch in her hand, she solemnly said, “O Magic Conch! Will you give me a gold coin?” She blew the conch, but nothing happened.

“It does not work for me,” said Meenakshi. “You try it!” she returned the conch to him. Now he blew into the conch, without wishing for anything specific. No sound came. He tried to blow this way and that.

There was no sound. “But, it did work last night, and it gave me ten silver coins. The innkeeper would not accept any, and so here are all the ten coins.” He counted one, two, three...

“Are you sure it is this conch that you blew? Look carefully. I’m afraid that innkeeper has cheated you. He must have taken the magic conch, and replaced it with another one,” said Meenakshi.

Chami looked at the conch. “Now that you’ve expressed a doubt, I too think this is not the magic conch. That one was very white. This one looks dirty!”

“I’ll tell you what,” said Meenakshi. “You go for work now, and in the evening, you go back to the inn. Take a room, and during your conversation you tell the owner that the conch has been blessed by a holy man and it would now give gold coins instead of silver. Then you watch what he does.”

Chami hurried out to sweep the streets. After he was through with a few, he saw the bodyguards approaching. Evidently the king was delayed for his worship at the temple. Chami came back home and after resting for a while, he started for the inn.

The innkeeper had a look of surprise. While serving food, Chami and the innkeeper exchanged pleasantries and Chami casually mentioned about the conch having been blessed by a yogi. The conch remained tied at one end of the turban, and he saw the innkeeper eyeing it every now and then. “I feel tired, so I shall go to sleep immediately,” he announced to the hearing of the innkeeper.

Chami merely closed his eyes and was alert. The innkeeper stealthily entered the room and untied the turban and exchanged the conches.

With the magic conch now back with him, Chami slept till dawn. He woke up the innkeeper, who once again refused to accept any payment.

Chami went back home and in the next few days, he and Meenakshi got whatever they wanted, including a new thatch for their hut and the job of a bodyguard.

Back at the inn, the owner cursed himself for being greedy and being foolish to have rejected the silver coins offered by Chami, not once but twice. ‘I hope he won’t come again with another story of a yogi and a magic conch.’

But Chami did go to the inn again, this time on a handsome black horse. He was wearing a rich red brocade uniform. The innkeeper was taken aback. A king’s bodyguard as his guest?

“I came only to ask you how many gold coins you have collected so far!” said Chami mockingly.

The innkeeper now recognised the voice. “Sir, it’s you?” He bowed low and said, “Please forgive me!”

Chami merely waved his hand, mounted his horse, and rode away.

CHANDAMAMA

PRESENTS

KALEIDOSCOPE

BABY-SITTING

I am the only child of my parents. I had always wished for a brother or a sister. My maternal uncle has a son almost two years old. I look upon him as my own brother. His name is Aditya, but we call him Unni.

It was vacation time after my final exams. One day, my aunt had to rush to her friend who had met with an accident. Unni was asleep at that time. Aunt left him in my care and went away. When Unni woke up, he looked around and did not find his mother. He started crying loudly.

I ran to the bedroom and picked him up. I tried to put him back to sleep but he would not oblige me. I thought maybe he was hungry, so I peeled an orange, his favourite fruit, but he simply turned his face away. I warmed up some milk and filled his feeding bottle. Unni refused to drink even a drop of it. He went on crying, "Amma...amma...Boba..." (Shobha is aunty's name)

I was very worried. I tried to call aunty on her mobile, but it had been switched off as she was in the hospital.

Suddenly I remembered what my mother used to do when I was a small kid. She used to read from books whether I was happy or sad. So I opened my cupboard. The first book



I picked up was a picture book of animals in the zoo. While I read, Unni kept crying standing in a corner of the room. The second book was full of English rhymes which he loved to listen to. While I was reading, Unni came and stood next to my chair, still crying but in fits and starts. I ignored him, but I was happy that my plan was working. The third book had Hindi rhymes. I noticed that he was pointing towards my lap. I understood that he wanted to sit on my lap.

A little later, I decided to give him his lunch. While still reading, I fed him rice and curry. I didn't even remember how many times I read the same books over and over again.

Afterwards I took out his blocks. We made houses, chairs and tables. Later, I switched on the music. We both danced on all the latest numbers. We were still having fun when my aunt came back. She was relieved to see Unni happily playing. I told her I really enjoyed baby-sitting for my little brother.

- Nandita Menon (12), Delhi

MY LITTLE BROTHER



My little brother is a sweet little pie,
He is very cute and shy;
He is naughty but
Not at all haughty.
I love him,
And like to kiss his chin.
My little brother is a sweet little pie,
Never ever does he cry;
Though he is unable to speak
He can shout and squeak.
Because he's small
He likes to play and play
In our big plain hall
With some water and clay.
My little brother is very nice
And I always wish
Every little girl should
Have a brother in his mould.

- Twisha Reemun (9), Kolkata

Teacher : What would have happened if electricity had not been invented?



Student : We would have then watched the TV by candle light.

Teacher : Which is the fastest, cold or heat?

Student : Heat, because we can catch a cold.
- N. Saiprashanth (7), Dharwad



Patient (exhibiting extreme tension) : Doctor, last night I had a dream, that I ate 50 kg of sweetmeat.
Doctor : It's no cause for tension.

Why should it be a problem?

Patient : It's a problem, doctor. When I woke up, I didn't see my pillow.

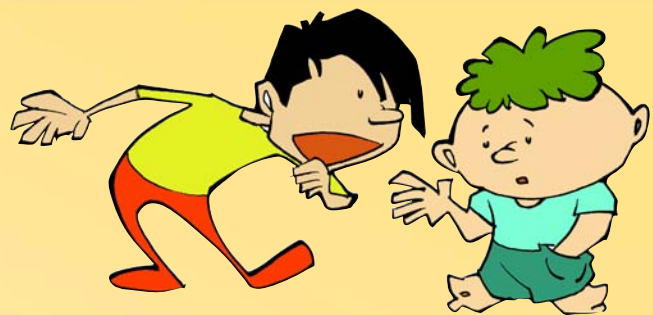
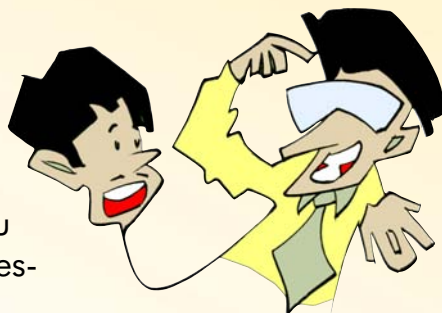
-N.V. Avinash (10) Rajahmundry

Client : You seem to be a high-priced lawyer. I shall give you 500 dollars; will you answer two questions for me?

Lawyer : Yes. What's the second question?

Client (flabbergasted) : Eh!

-S.R. Arun (10), Chennai



Viju : Why didn't you come to Vivek's birthday party?

Shamu : It was from 6 to 8. But I am 10.

1st man : I always say that people should keep their windows and doors open when they go to sleep.



2nd man : Why do you say that?

1st man : You see, I'm a burglar!

-S. Akaash (11), Thrissur

Pratik : I'm inviting you to my birthday party tomorrow.

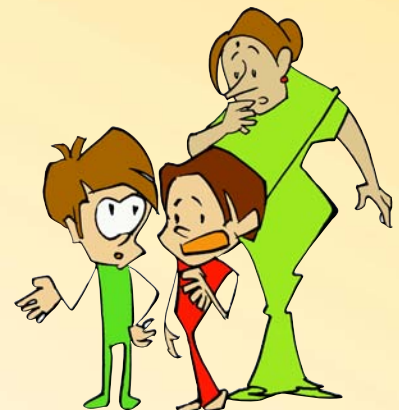
Deepak : Thank you, I shall come.

Pratik : What gift will you bring, Deepak?

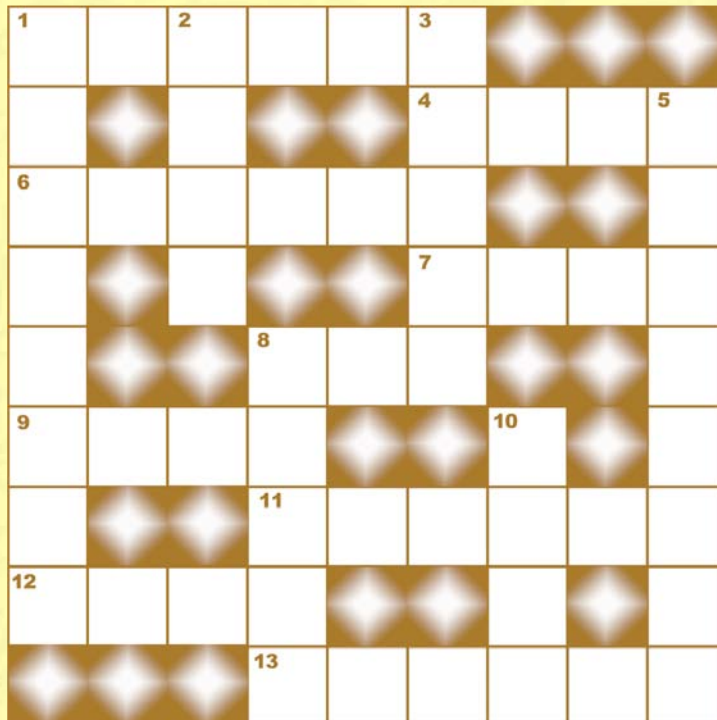
Deepak : I shall bring an instrument box.
Pratik's mother : But, why are you telling him even today?

Deepak : Because I don't intend coming.

-Vinayak Suhas Deshmukh (10)
Khapoli, Raigad



CROSSWORD



Across :

1. One of the Zodiac signs (6)
4. To clean with water (4)
6. To do something in excess (6)
7. A circle on your finger (4)
8. A flower before it blooms (3)
9. _____Khan of *Lagaan* fame (4)
11. Good speaker (6)
12. Nancy____: Carolyn Keene's teenage detective (4)
13. Bohemians (6)

Down:

1. 10 x 10 x 10 (8)
2. A fertilizer (4)
3. A weapon with a long sharp blade (5)
5. _____ Express train to Harry Potter's school (8)
8. A colour (5)
10. A volcanic mountain in Italy (4)

**-Siva Ganesh Chakravarthy (14)
Jaggayyapet**

RIDDLES



1. Where do ants go when they wish to eat snacks?

- V. Thilak Rajkumar (12), Salem

2. What is a cow's favourite game?



3. What does a cow produce after eating a lot of strawberry?



- S. Akaash (11), Thrissur

4. If you cut me, you'll cry.

Who am I?

- S. Sowmika (10), Madurai



5. Why did the man pull the string?

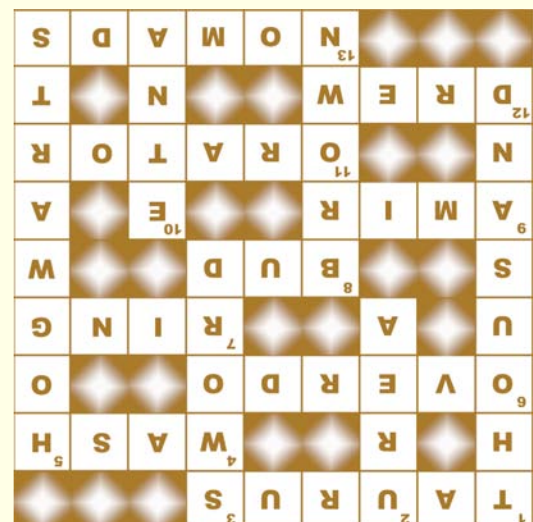
-Madhuvratha(11), Mumbai



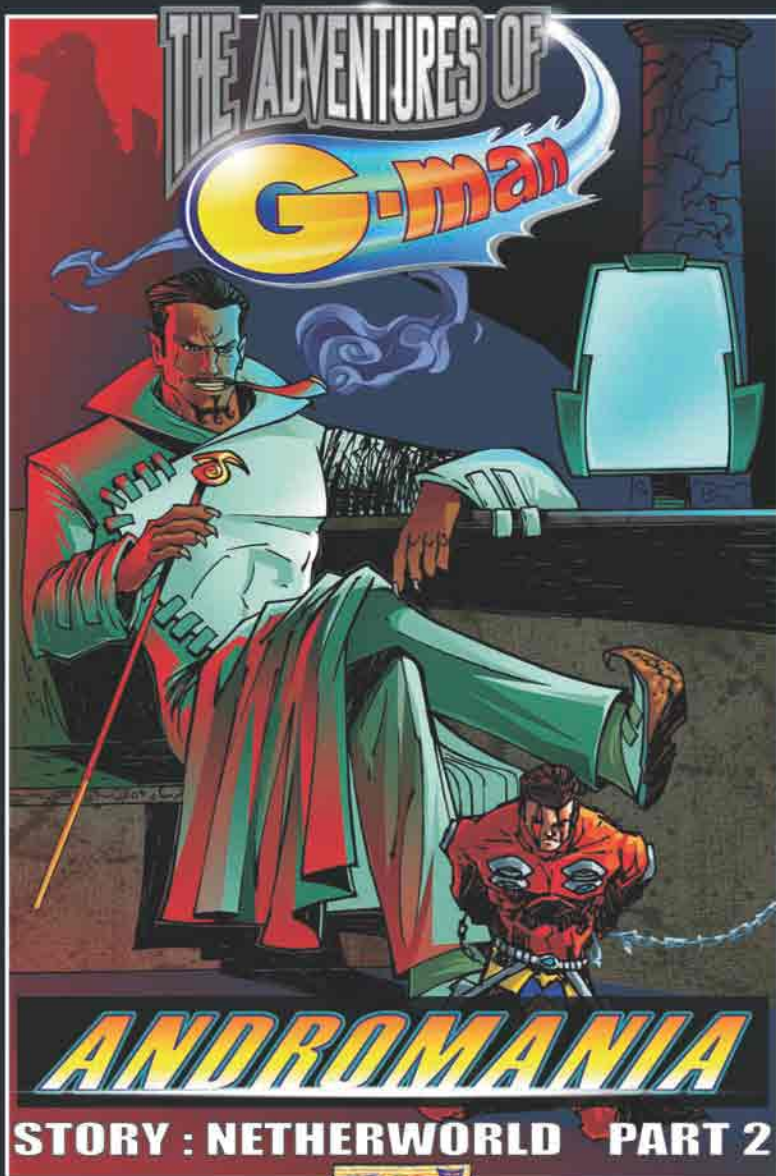
Answers :

1. Restaurant,
2. Moo-sical Chairs,
3. Strawberry milkshake,
4. Onion,
5. He would look silly if he pushed it.

RIDDLES



CROSSWORD



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POWER SUPPLY

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In a parallel universe* G-man begins his search for the G-man of that world. His mission is to bring him back to his world to fight Terrolene



*Other worlds where things are almost the same as our world.

After a few hours of rest G-man bids farewell to the party and sets out in the direction of the voice.



To stay incognito G-man borrows their garb.



His telepathic power leads to the streets of a city in shambles.

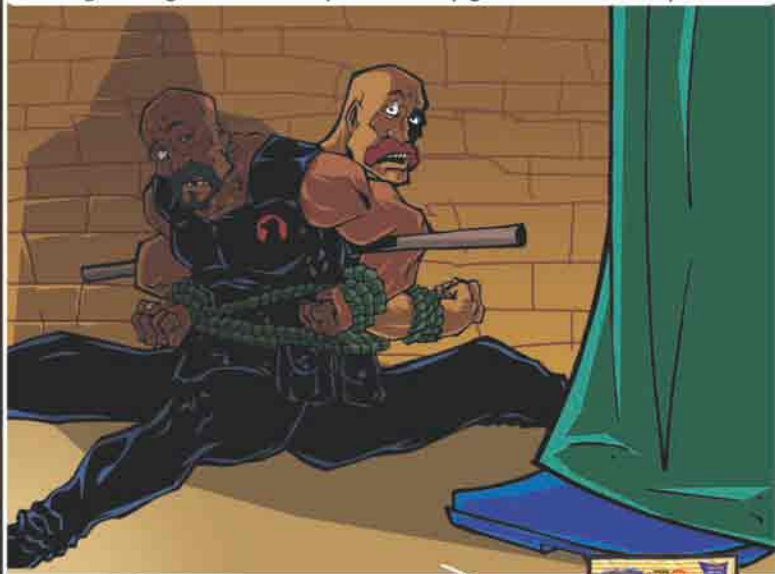
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Getting through the security at the city gates was a small problem...

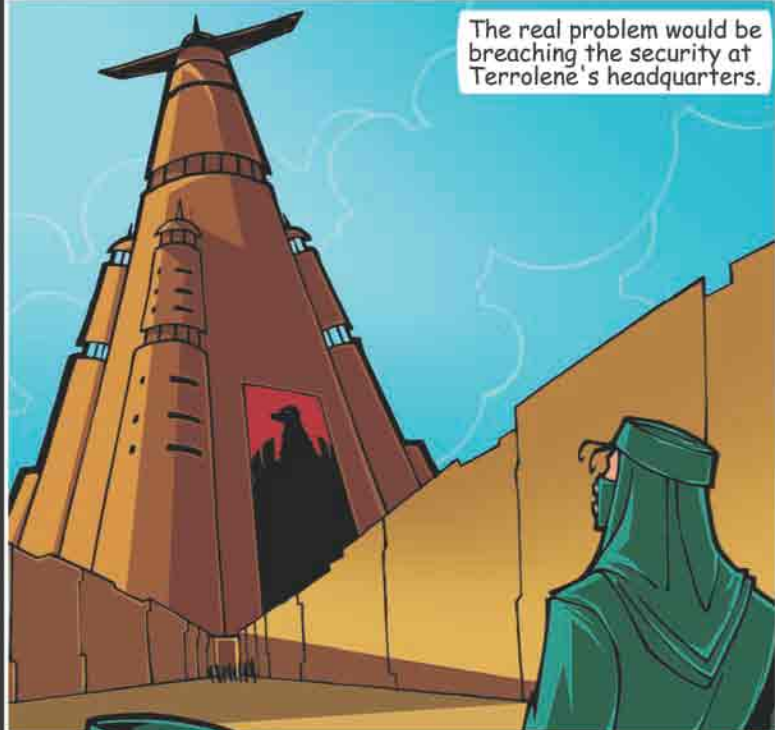


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The real problem would be breaching the security at Terrolene's headquarters.



But G-man had one advantage...

The element of surprise.



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Using his G-force he knocks them all out.



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G-man keeps following his telepathic sense...



Till they lead him to a chamber deep in the confines of the tower.



POWER SUPPLY FOR

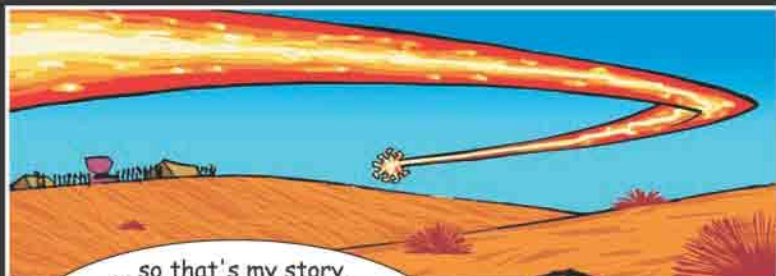


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... so that's my story.
Do we have a deal? As soon as
you are fully recovered you help
me out in my world, in return I
promise to return here with you
and sort your affairs out a bit.



I already owe
you my life G-man.
Your help would be greatly
appreciated... and anyways
your word is my word...
yes its a deal.



To be continued

POWER SUPPLY FOR



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The G-Man Quiz

1. The Mind Raider
 - a. Neuraal
 - b. Neuron
 - c. Nerve
2. The Water Monster
 - a. Glooga
 - b. Steam Man
 - c. Glugga
3. The Master of Darkness
 - a. Terrolene
 - b. Terrax
 - c. Terminator
4. Terrolene kidnaps children and takes him to his secret headquarter in
 - a. Mystery Island
 - b. Miserly Island
 - c. Misery Island
5. Terrolene has a large army of giant killer
 - a. Bunnies
 - b. Androids
 - c. Tomatoes

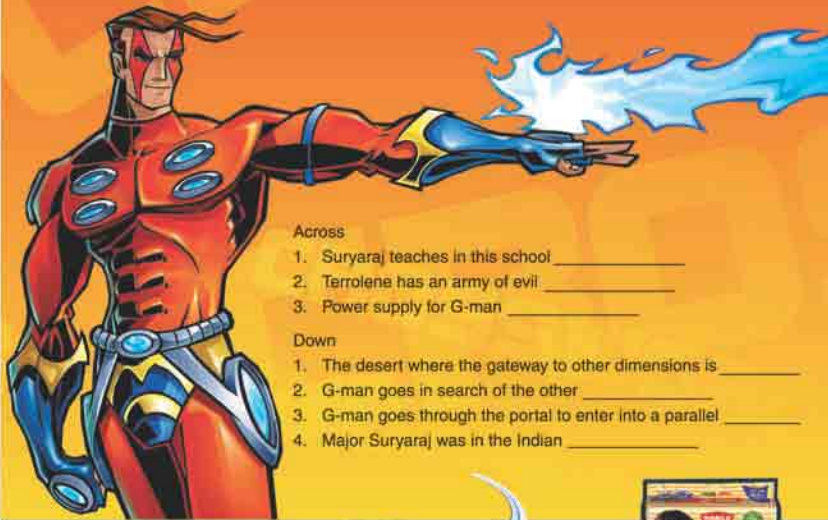
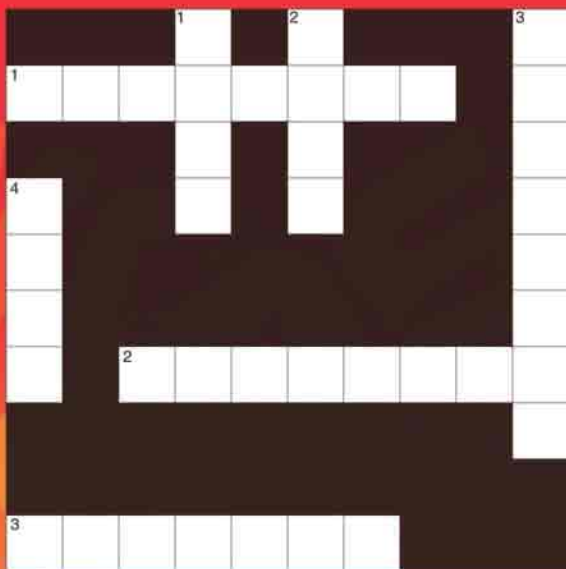
1-a, 2-c, 3-b, 4-c, 5-b



POWER SUPPLY FOR SUPER HEROES



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Across

1. Suryaraj teaches in this school _____
2. Terrolene has an army of evil _____
3. Power supply for G-man _____

Down

1. The desert where the gateway to other dimensions is _____
2. G-man goes in search of the other _____
3. G-man goes through the portal to enter into a parallel _____
4. Major Suryaraj was in the Indian _____

Color me and have fun.



POWER SUPPLY



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Vir Singh and General Jabar Sen, who visit the old royal treasury of Shantipur at night, decide to go back during the day to take away the wealth lying there. Vasant and Arya, with the help of some volunteers, remove the wealth after gagging the two soldiers sent there to guard the place. Vir Singh and Jabar Sen are shocked at seeing the treasury empty. An arrow brings the message that the wealth belongs to the people. It is from "Prince Arya".

ARYA

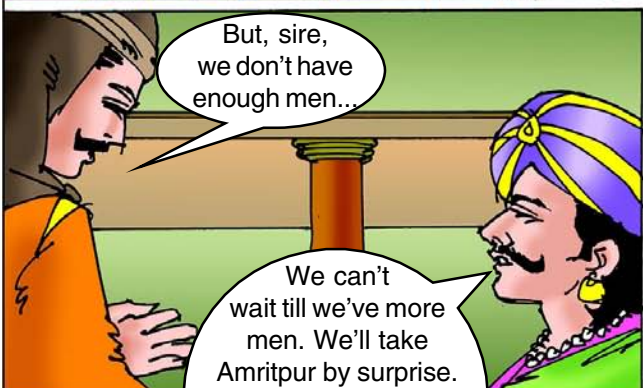
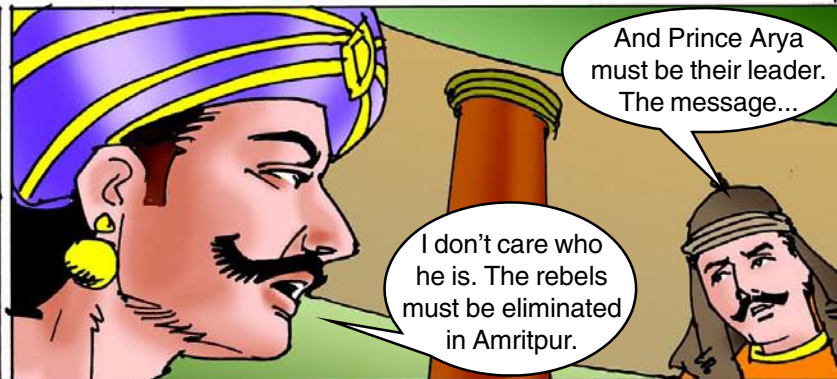
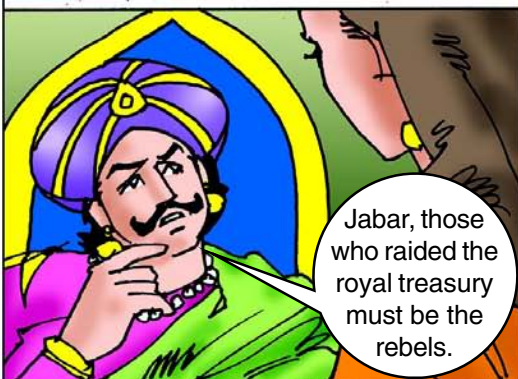
The Mystery of the Unknown Prince



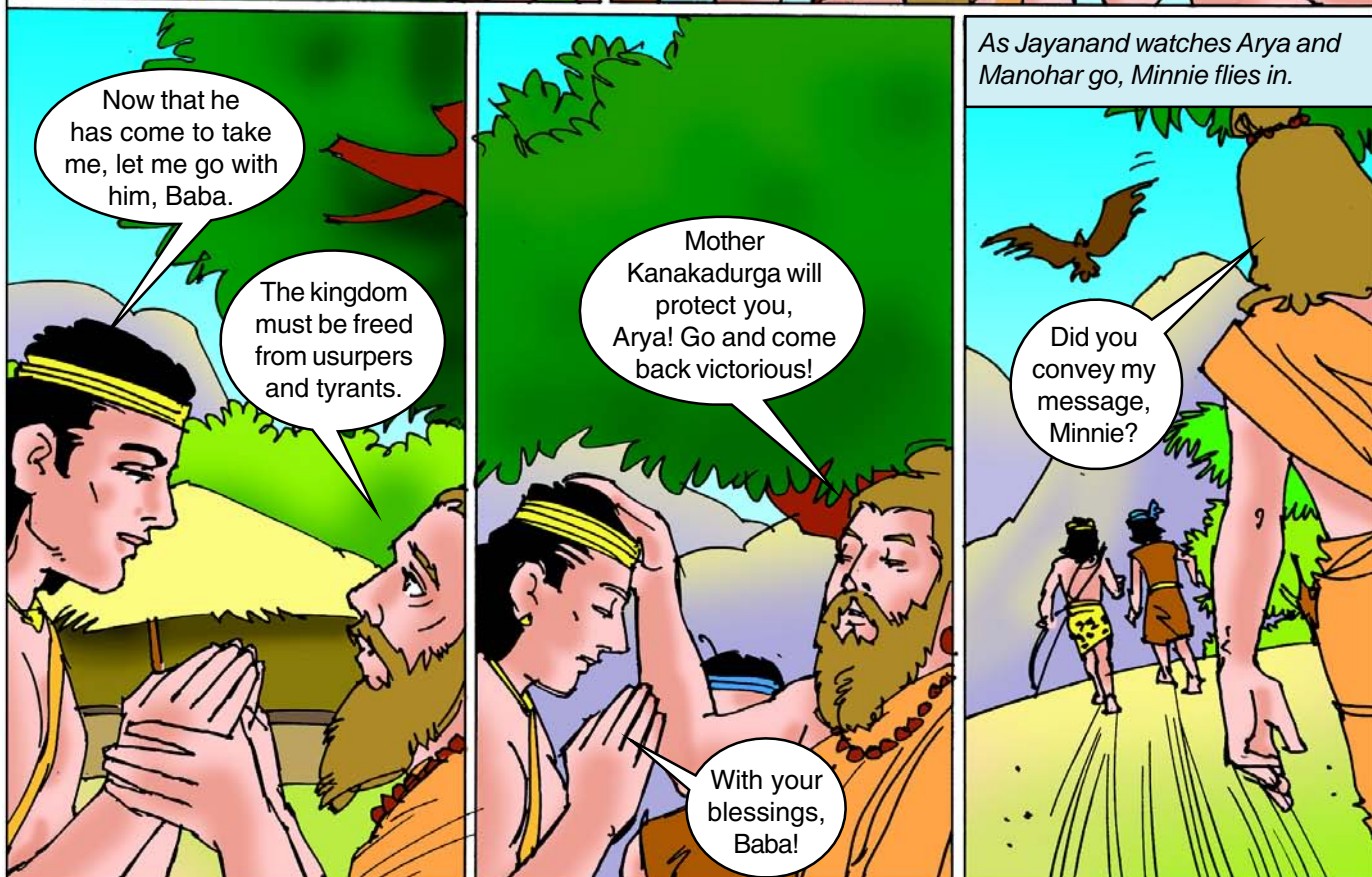
26

Art:
Gandhi Ayya

The two soldiers are brought before Vir Singh, who is angry.



A volunteer sent by Vasant meets hermit Jayanand.



The parrot settles on the hermit's shoulders.



Is Babu coming?

Chieftain Sukhdev arrives at the hermitage.



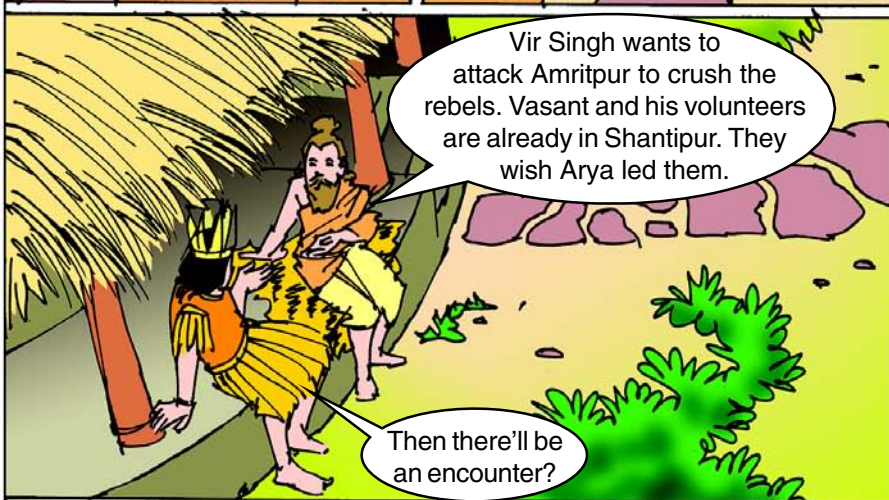
I'm here, Baba!

Come in, Babu, there are developments.



Arya and Vasant prevented Vir Singh from looting the old royal treasury. He feels the wealth is with the rebels.

So, what's his plan? Where's Arya?



Vir Singh wants to attack Amritpur to crush the rebels. Vasant and his volunteers are already in Shantipur. They wish Arya led them.

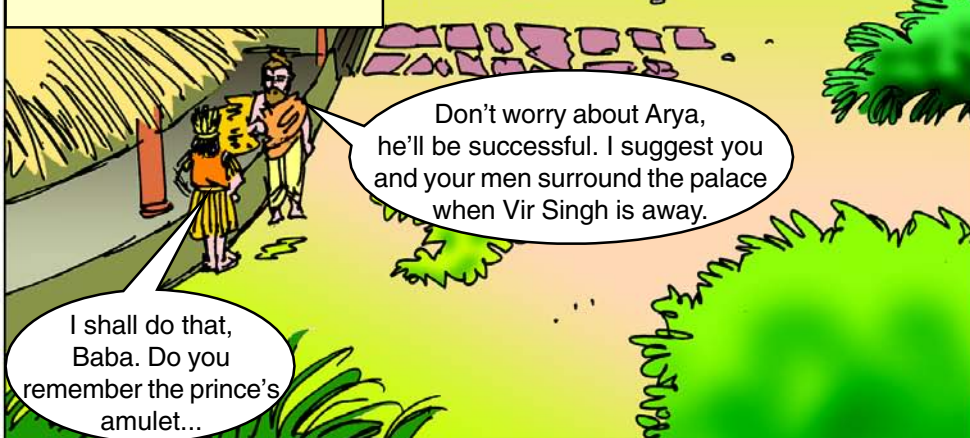
Then there'll be an encounter?



The hermit suddenly goes into deep meditation.

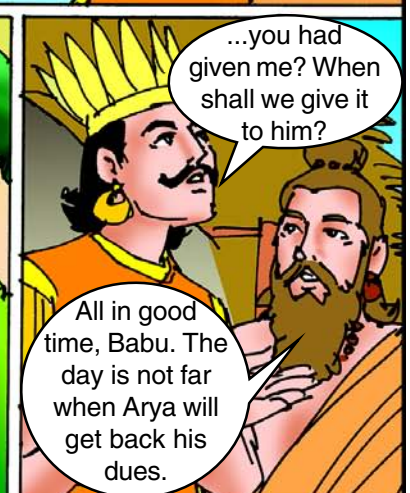
I hope Arya will be...

The chieftain gets up to leave.



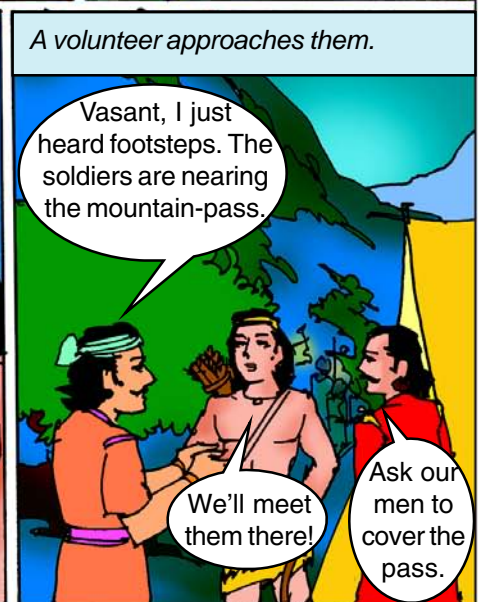
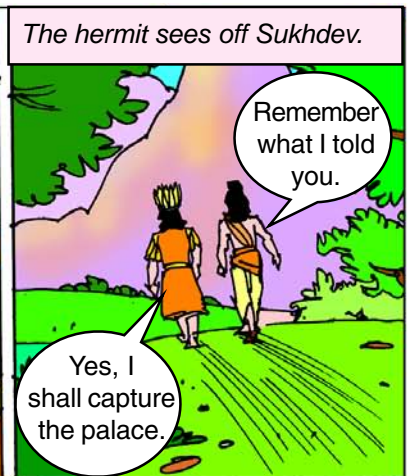
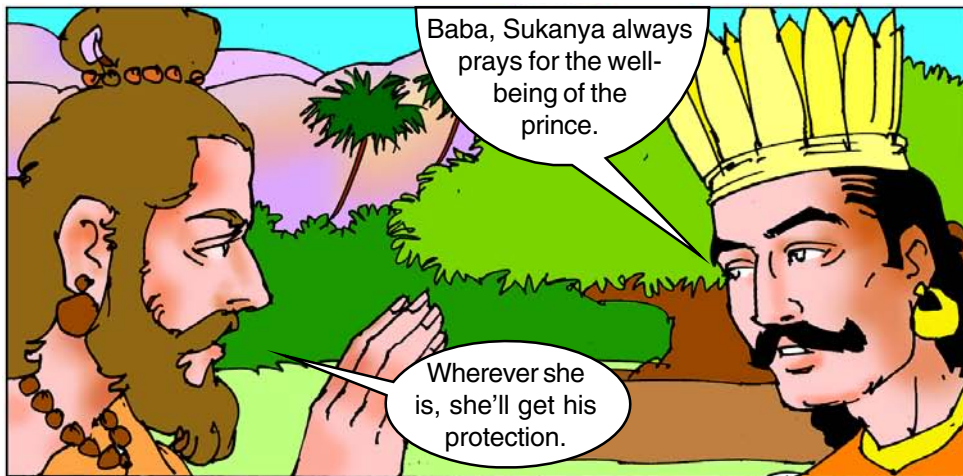
Don't worry about Arya, he'll be successful. I suggest you and your men surround the palace when Vir Singh is away.

I shall do that, Baba. Do you remember the prince's amulet...



...you had given me? When shall we give it to him?

All in good time, Babu. The day is not far when Arya will get back his dues.



LAUGH TILL YOU DROP!



I'd stop eating chocolate, but I'm no quitter.

- Unknown



Doctor : Why did you call me so late in the night?

Patient : Doctor, I have gas problem.

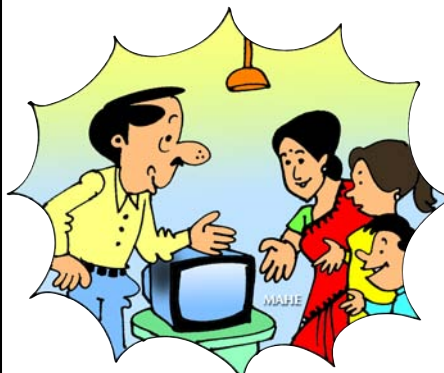
Doctor : Then, use a kerosene stove.

On their way home after the boy's first day at school, the father asked his son, "What did you do at school today?"

The little boy shrugged his shoulders and said, "Nothing."

Hoping to draw his son into a conversation, the father persisted and said, "Well, did you learn about any numbers, study certain alphabets, or maybe a particular colour?"

The perplexed child looked at his father and said, "Daddy, didn't you go to school when you were a little boy?"



Father : I've bought this TV on instalment. So everyone will have to save money.

Mother : I'll stop buying women's magazines.

Daughter : I'll stop going to the college in the auto.

Son : I'll stop going to school.

Dushtu Dattu

Out on holiday, Dattu and his parents are enjoying a boat ride.



Mummy, can you say something is lost if you know where exactly it is?

As they step ashore.



Then, Mummy, your handbag is not lost! It is at the bottom of the lake.





Thomas Jefferson Benjamin Franklin John Adams

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY

July 4, 1776 is a historic day. That day America emerged as a free nation. Delegates from 12 of the 13 colonies came together at Philadelphia. Only New York abstained. The delegates went over the tumultuous trajectory of the last two centuries and a half.

They paid homage to the first group of 102 Puritans (they were men who would not accept the Catholic faith), who decided they could no longer feel safe in Britain and so had set out on board the over-crowded cargo ship, *The Mayflower*, in 1620 for the distant land, discovered by Columbus. The journey was by no means comfortable. Nor was it free of risks. Yet they survived the vagaries of the wild winds and the choppy waters of the Mediterranean and landed at Charleston, Massachusetts, in 1620. The sight of virgin land cheered them. But this cheer died almost immediately when they faced the hostility of the native Indians. They were caught between the devil and the deep sea. They had no option but to do or die. That was what they did. They fought the native Indians with all their strength. But they had an advantage. They had modern firearms. Not so the locals. That tilted the end result in their favour. Thirteen years later, they set up homes at Boston. John Winthrop sailed in with a thousand odd men, armed with the Royal Charter that accorded colonial status to the American settlement. "The eyes of all people are on us," Winthrop announced, with pride.

The settlers gained immense power. England received huge sums from the American settlers by way of duties and taxes. "Why should the King of England fatten himself at our expense? What has he done to deserve payment of huge sums to his treasury?" asked the descendants of the first settlers in America. They had never been to England, felt no special reason to remain loyal to a monarch whom they had never seen, and who lived in a distant island beyond the seas.

The growing alienation of the settlers failed to be taken note of by the monarch. He needed more money and so, in 1773, imposed a tax (3 pence per pound) on tea sent to America. That roused the fury of the people. On December 16, 1773, three ships, laden with tea chests anchored at Boston. A huge mob surged into the wharf. They ran amok, ransacked the ships and pulled out the chests on to the wharf. (This incident is now remembered as The Boston Tea Party).

The British Government flew into a rage. "Who will cut these rebels to size?" thundered the political leaders. The British contingent in Charleston was instructed to get into the act. The British forces took on the rebels in the Battle for Bunker Hill on June 17, 1775. The rebels lost; but it was clear that it was just a temporary set back. For Britain lost a thousand men, while the casualty for the rebels did not exceed 300.

The victors remained vigilant and watchful. They could feel the quakes. Yet there was hardly anything they could do. They hoped that the heat would subside, and the rebels would soon return to the fold. That never happened. Tempers were getting frayed. The mood of the rebels got reflected in a pamphlet (its author chose to remain anonymous. We now know that it was drafted by Thomas Payne, Editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*), titled *Common Sense*. More than 120,000 copies were sold out within a short time. The British too got hold of the pamphlet. It described George III as a tyrant who 'trampled nature and conscience beneath his feet and by a steady and constitutional spirit of insolence and cruelty procured for himself an universal hatred. It is now in the interests of America to provide for herself.' Payne further exhorted the people to forget all differences. "Let the

names of Whig and Tory be extinct. Let none other be heard among us than those of a good citizen; an open and resolute friend; and a virtuous supporter of the Rights of Mankind and of the Free and Independent States of America,” declared Payne.

The idea he propagated finally inspired the leaders of America to get together at Philadelphia on July 4, 1776. The delegates agreed that the time had come to sever the bonds with Britain. A committee was appointed to draft a declaration. Among those associated with the drafting were men like John Adams and Benjamin Franklin. Finally Thomas Jefferson, who was known for his skill in English language, worked on it. The final draft read: “*We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal and they are endowed by their creator with*

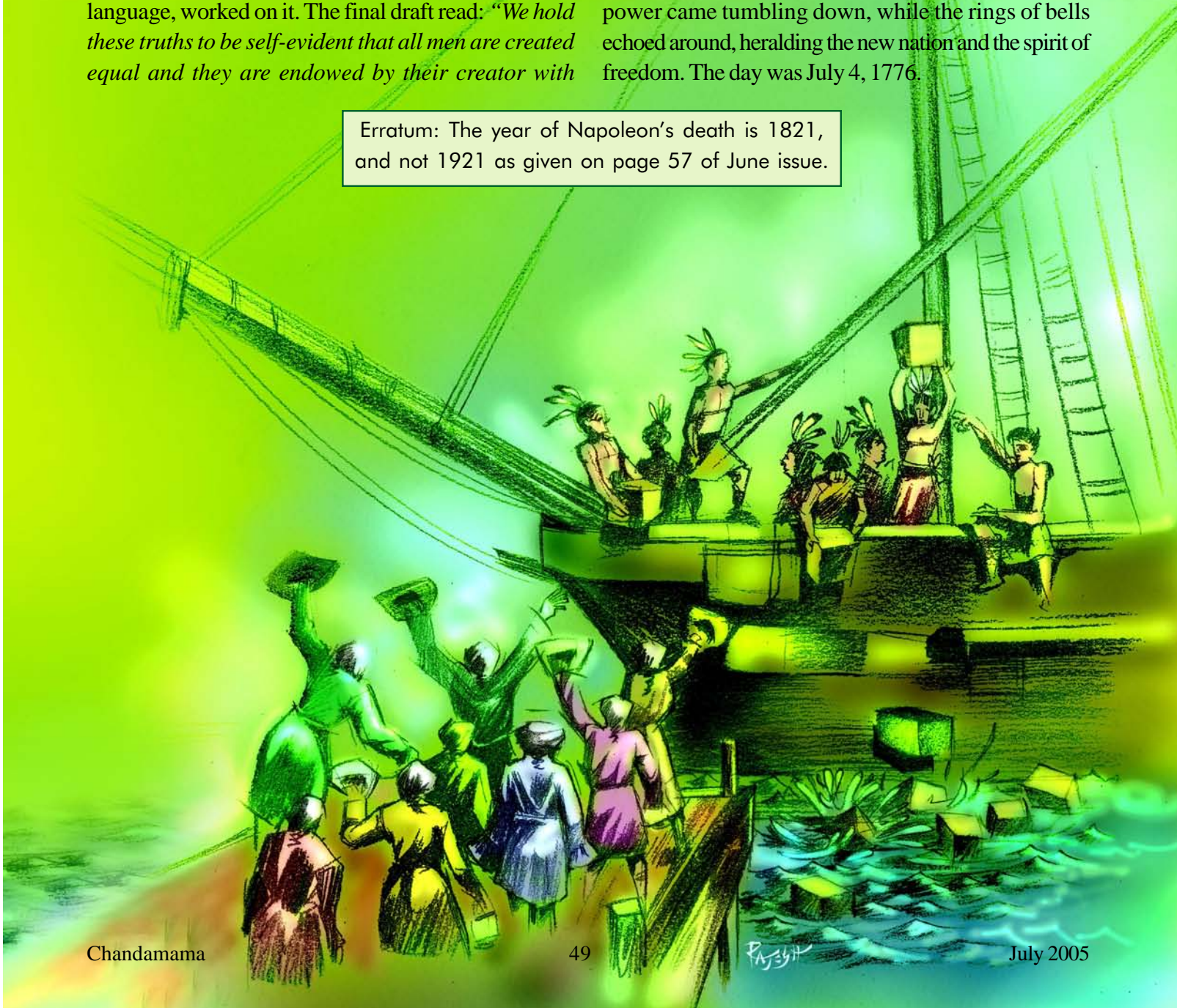
certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.”

The declaration went on to list 26 specific examples of British tyranny. It said that the people had ‘petitioned the British Parliament in humble terms for redress, yet were only answered by repeated injury.’ King George was seen by the delegates ‘as unfit to be the ruler of a free people’.

Strong words. Yet they proved to be the right words. For it marked the end of British rule over America. A new nation was born that day. Statues that signaled British power came tumbling down, while the rings of bells echoed around, heralding the new nation and the spirit of freedom. The day was July 4, 1776.

**THIS HAPPENED
IN JUNE**

Erratum: The year of Napoleon’s death is 1821, and not 1921 as given on page 57 of June issue.



LUCK OF THE DRAW



"My son Faku will marry the most beautiful girl in town," bragged Hamidulla, the moneylender of the village, while talking to Nasruddin.

"Who would give his daughter to your son?" Nasruddin asked.

"Who would not? I am rich; my son will inherit my riches," Hamidulla appeared sure of himself.

"But riches may not appeal to the girl or her parents. They may want a boy who is well behaved, not proud and arrogant," Nasruddin argued.

"Money covers up all defects. In this case, I have found the girl. She is the most beautiful girl around. I have lent her father 500 *Shekels*. He is so poor he can never repay the loan. I shall write off the loan if he agrees to my

proposal." Hamidulla held his head high, curtly nodded to Nasruddin and walked off.

Nasruddin guessed the identity of the girl. It could only be Salma, the daughter of Ahmed the potter. 'Oh, no. Salma is such a sweet girl. Faku is a good for nothing boy. I would stop that alliance, so Allah help me!' he told himself.

Ahmed was a widower. His wife Hamida had died within an hour of the birth of Salma. Ahmed refused to marry again. "I shall be both father and mother to her," he announced.

He asked his mother to look after the baby when she was too young. In the evenings, he sang lullabies while rocking her in his hands, gently, and putting her to sleep. He made her sit by his side, once she was older, and told her stories. She started helping him at odd jobs once she was six.

She was the apple of his eye. She, in turn, loved him more than anything else in the world. By the time she was ten, she knew how to add and subtract. She learnt how to handle cash. So when her father was ill, she drove the donkey, loaded with pots to the market, and sold them.

Time passed. At sixteen, Salma blossomed into a very beautiful young woman. Ahmed felt proud of her. But her beauty also caused him worry. Young men ogled at her. Or walked behind her, admiring her grace and poise. Ahmed took note of all these. He started looking out for a suitable match.

The unexpected happened, one day, when Hamidulla walked into his workshop.

"Welcome, my friend," Ahmed spun the wheel on which he was shaping a pot. He managed to cover up his anxiety. Had Hamidulla come to ask for repayment of the loan? He hoped that this visit had nothing to do with the loan.

He quickly finished the job on hand, wiped his hands on a piece of cloth and asked politely, "Yes, my friend! I hope all is well with you."



"Nothing to complain. Allah is great!" Hamidulla replied. "Allah wills that I seek the hand of Salma for my son Fakru," Hamidullah revealed the purpose of his visit, straightaway.

"Let me ask Salma," Ahmed dodged.

"My friend, remember one thing. If you accept my request, I shall write off the loan. Otherwise, I will insist on immediate repayment," Hamidulla added.

"Oh, no, you're an old friend. And, then, I'm not rejecting your offer. But this is a matter of great importance to Salma. She is my only daughter. I want her happiness. Nothing else," Ahmed purred softly.

"If she agrees, it will be good for you. Otherwise!" Hamidulla stood up. "My son says he will marry only Salma. I too want to see him happy. I hope you make your daughter understand," Hamidulla walked off in a huff. Ahmed took a deep breath.

'O Allah, what will I do now! Fakru is a good for nothing fellow. Wastes all the time in the company of his friends, each one a rogue, roaming around the bazaar, all the time. The boys do not respect elders. They turn wild if someone tells them to behave. Everyone is afraid of the gang. Oh! If only Fakru were a nice young man! Then I would not have stood in the way, even though Fakru is short and plump and is in no way the right match for Salma. Allah! Why did you make her so beautiful! Where will I find the ideal match for her! I am poor. I am in debt.'

He sat at the wheel, but his mind was not in it. He sat as if in a daze.

"Lost in a dream world, Ahmed?" Nasruddin walked in. Ahmed woke up, as if from a trance, and looked up.

"Be seated, O Mulla Nasruddin," he sprang to his feet, bowed politely.

"You were lost in thought," Mulla Nasruddin repeated the question as he sat down on a plank, set close to the wheel, and made Ahmed sit by his side, before resuming, "You look upset. Something is worrying you. Can I be of help?"

Those words brought tears to Ahmed's eyes. In a voice, choked with emotion, he sank on his knees and recited his tale of woe.

"Fakru is a bad boy. He would make life hell for



Salma," Nasruddin agreed.

"I know, but where will I go for the 500 *Shekles* I owe Hamidulla?" Ahmed wrung his hands in helplessness.

"I know what needs to be done to stop this marriage," Nasruddin smiled, confidently, made Ahmed sit closer and then whispered his plans in his ears.

The potter's eyes opened wide when he heard Nasruddin's plan. He could not believe his ears. The plan was wonderful. If it succeeded he would be free of debt. He would also be left with enough money to buy another donkey at the cattle bazaar in a week's time. If lucky he would also have enough cash, left in hand, to marry Salma off to a potter's son, honest and hardworking and intelligent and smart.

"Will it work?" he asked, as Nasruddin took leave.

"It will," Nasruddin patted him gently and moved off.

The news spread like wild fire.

A healthy donkey was up for grabs. The donkey, the news said, belonged to Ahmed, the potter. "It is young, can work tirelessly for sixteen hours at a stretch," the news detailed the qualities of the donkey. But what made the news sensational were the terms. The news said that the donkey would not be sold to the highest bidder. Instead, one hundred tickets of 50 *Shekles* each would be sold. Just a hundred tickets. Not one more. Not one



less. These tickets would be serially numbered from 1 to 100. The buyer's name would be written on the ticket. At a notified date and time, a pot would be brought to the bazaar and placed on a stool, set on the raised platform that usually provided the high pedestal that speakers and auctioneers needed.

Mulla Nasruddin would be in charge of the operations. He would ask the ticket holders to walk up to the platform one by one. He would check the chit one

held for number and name, roll it and drop it into the pot. He would continue this process till all the hundred tickets went into the pot. The pot would then be shaken thoroughly so that the tickets within would be shuffled around at random. Having gone through these gestures, Nasruddin would call upon a child from among those present to come over to the platform. The child would dip his arm into the pot, pull out a chit and hand it over to Nasruddin. He would unroll the chit and announce the winning number and the name of the winner and also pass it around for the crowd to check. The holder of the winning ticket would get a healthy donkey for which he would have spent just 50 *Shekels*.

The idea caught on. There was a mad rush to grab the tickets. People pushed and jostled to get the tickets. The hundred tickets offered by Nasruddin sold out in an hour. Those who were lucky to get the tickets went off happily. Others cursed themselves for failing to be part of the lucky draw.

"I have collected 5,000 *Shekels*," Nasruddin reported to Ahmed.

"5,000 *Shekels*? Tankhas?"

"Yes. Go and pay back the 500 *Shekels* you owe to Hamidulla."

Nasruddin handed over the coins to Ahmed. "I still hold 4,500 *Shekels*. After the lottery is held, you will hand over the donkey to the winner. And the very next day you can buy a young donkey from the cattle bazaar. You will still be left with 4,000 *Shekels*. That should be enough to celebrate Salma's marriage in style. Enough to get for her and the bridegroom new clothes! And, maybe, leave you with some cash, too," Nasruddin noticed Ahmed's lower lip drop in sheer surprise.

The draw was held at the time and date and place, as notified. The winner took away the donkey.

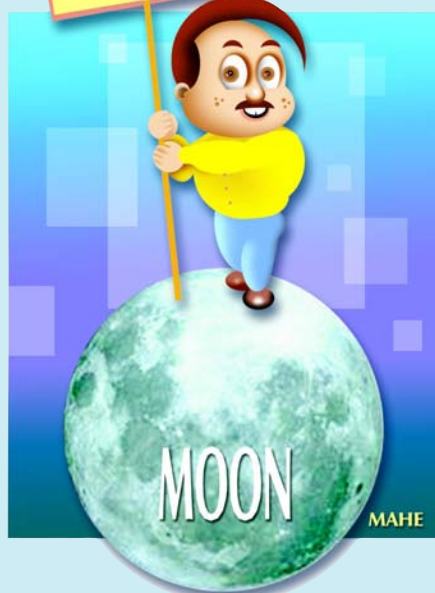
Ahmed could not believe his luck. He was no longer in debt. He had enough money now to buy a new donkey. He now had funds to arrange the marriage of Salma with Mohinuddin, a smart and hard working young man who too made very fine pots and shaped figurines that were in great demand.

All because Nasruddin knew how to turn the luck of the draw around to favour the potter. **-R.K.Murthi**



PLOT ON MOON SOLD!

This is Mine



Heard of the Lunar Republic? Rajeev Bagdi of Hyderabad came across the name on the internet. The International Lunar Lands Registry in New York, which has a branch in Paris, has just struck a deal. Mr. Bagdi has bought a 5-acre plot of land on the moon for 140 dollars. He has completed the formalities and the sale deed is safe with him. Want to ask him when he proposes to put up a house and start living on the moon? He may shrug his shoulders and say, "If it is not possible now, my children will probably enjoy a life on the moon!"

Newsflash

NO FENCE, NO CRIMES

The houses in Petli, a village in Anand district of Gujarat, do not have fences. The doors are closed only at night. Yet, no incident of crime of any kind has been reported from the village in the past 25 years. No police complaint has been lodged, and nobody has approached a court of law to settle a dispute. Four trees were the



bone of contention between two residents. The panchayat took just two hours to settle the dispute: two trees were given to one resident, the possession of one tree was given to the other, while the fourth tree was to be "enjoyed" by both contenders! The village does not practise untouchability. Everybody can draw water from any of the 20 wells; the three temples in the village are open for worship for everybody. Not for nothing has the State Government declared Petli as a "theerthgaam" (village worth a pilgrimage).

TEMPLE FOR KALIDASA

The greatest Sanskrit poet and dramatist Kalidasa, who was one of the 'Navaratnas' (nine gems) in the court of Vikramaditya who ruled from Ujjaini in the 5th century, has a temple dedicated to him in Babakarpur village, in Kendrapara district of Orissa.



Balaram Bhamarbar Ray, a zamindar of the village, was a Sanskrit scholar. He put up a temple for Kalidasa in 1802. People of the village and nearby areas have since been worshipping the stone image of the poet. The temple, where all daily rituals are followed, is known as Sri Sri Kavi Kalidasa temple.



LEGENDS FROM OTHER LANDS (GREECE)

PREY TO HIS OWN HOUNDS

Acteon was a proud young man – very proud indeed as a runner and a hunter. He could run through the forest with such swiftness that one would take him to be a wizard who could disappear at one spot and reappear at another. As a hunter he had no match in the whole kingdom. But in that respect the credit went to him for training some hounds so well that they could relentlessly pursue a prey and kill or capture it for their master.

Diana was the presiding deity of the forests. Once while she was roaming the wilderness, she saw Acteon running swiftly like a swish of breeze. She was amused and impressed. She, too, liked to run across the forest. But there was no one among her friends who could give her company or who would like to play hide and seek with her.

Diana invited Acteon to run with her. The young man was thrilled. To be friendly with a goddess was a glorious achievement. The goddess and he raced with each other practically every day and it was great fun for both. Acteon's hounds also followed the two.

At first Acteon was very cautious in his dealings with Diana and showed much respect for her. But as days passed, he grew rather audacious little by little. As is well known, familiarity breeds contempt.

Sometimes Acteon would say, "If I so wish, I can outrun you, but I don't wish to leave you behind." Diana would smile and say nothing to rebuff him, for the truth was different. As a goddess she could run, if she so wished, like a string of lightning. If she did not take recourse to her supernatural feats, it was because she did not care to embarrass a mortal who, after all, gave her company. However, she warned him against touching her person or her ornaments. Acteon nodded, but one only wishes he had given sufficient importance to her advice.

It so happened that one summer noon Diana was bathing in a charming lake in the middle of the forest. Nature around the lake was beautiful, thousands of flowers of magnificent colours smiling at the goddess who appreciated them and burst into a song.



Though Acteon was not expected in the forest at that hour and in any case he was not supposed to surprise the goddess while she was bathing, he did exactly what he should not have done. He entered the forest along with his hounds and went closer to the lake and handled her ornaments that lay on a stone on the bank of the lake. He giggled, looking at Diana bathing in the lake.

Surprised no doubt Diana was, but more than that she became terribly angry. She cast a spell on the young man which instantly turned him into a stag.

Can you imagine what should happen next? All of a sudden, his hounds found a stag near them. They tried to pounce on the creature.

The poor stag that was none other than Acteon ran for his life. But how can he escape the terrible beasts trained so well by himself?

In no time the hounds tore the stag to shreds. That was the sad end of a happy friendship between a mortal and an immortal. (M.D.)



NOT WORTH IT

Kalu the grocer was returning to his village after buying supplies from the town. As he was driving his bullock-cart along the riverbank, he was startled to hear a frantic cry for help. He quickly jumped down from the cart and ran to the water's edge to see what was happening.

A fat man, whom Kalu recognised as Seth Dhaniram, the richest – and most miserly – man in the village, was flailing and thrashing about vainly in the water. Realising that the Seth did not know swimming, Kalu plunged into the water without further ado. He swam towards the drowning man and tried to pull him ashore. It was no easy task, as the Seth was obviously in great shock, unable to cooperate with him and was, moreover, quite heavy. However, he managed it at last after much vigorous effort.

After the Seth was revived, he exclaimed emotionally, "Kalu, you don't know what a great thing you've done today – you've saved my life! You must be suitably rewarded." He then took out his bulging wallet and opened it, to reveal stacks of 100 and 500 rupee notes. After a brief search, he dug out a ten-rupee note and handed it to Kalu, beaming.

Kalu looked him straight in the eye and replied, in a voice dripping with scorn, "I'm afraid you've overpaid me, Sethji!"

READ AND REACT

A NOVEL CONTEST FOR READERS CASH PRIZE OF RS. 250 FOR THE BEST ENTRY

Read the story below:

The king was holding court. Suddenly he turned to the courtiers and asked, "Tell me, which is the fastest running creature on the earth?"

The courtiers were quick in giving an answer. One of them said, "The tiger, sire!"

Another courtier stood up: "No doubt the gazelle, my lord."

The answers varied between the lion and the elephant. There was merry laughter in the court.

It was now the turn of the court jester. "My lord, I believe I'm the fastest running creature in the world."

Some of the courtiers found it difficult to suppress their laughter. "Nonsense!" remarked the king. "Can't you see that I'm serious?"

"I'm not jesting, my lord!" And the court jester went on to explain.

- ◆ Can you imagine how the court jester would have substantiated his claim?
- ◆ Was the king convinced?
- ◆ Did the king offer a reward or subject him to punishment?

Write down your answer in not more than 150 words, give a title to your entry, and mail it to us along with the coupon below in an envelope marked "Read and React".



CLOSING DATE : July 31, 2005

Name -----Age-----Date of birth-----

School -----Class-----

Home address-----

-----PIN code-----

Parent's signature

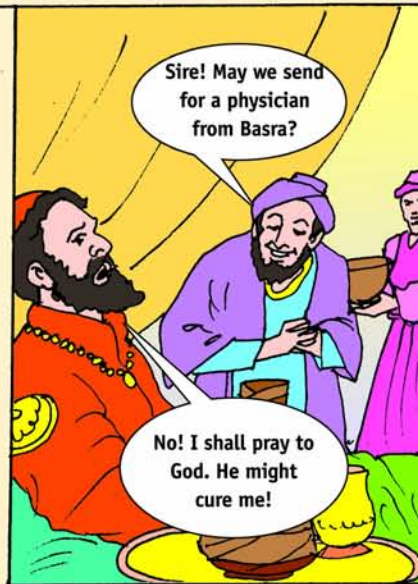
Participant's signature

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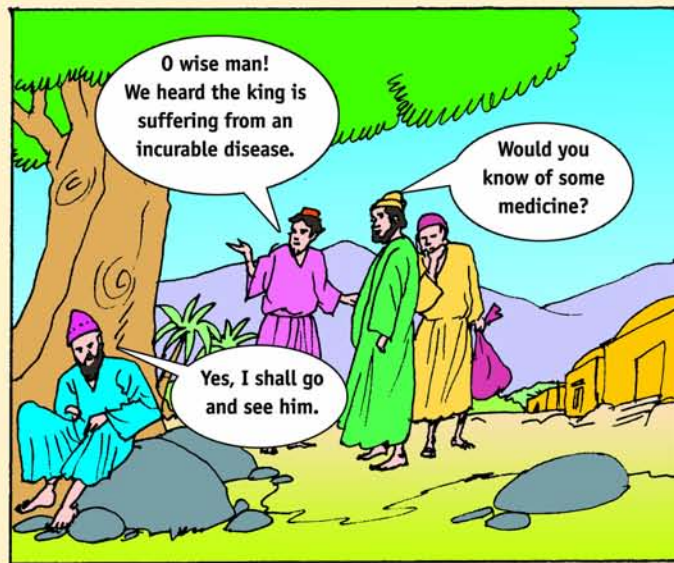
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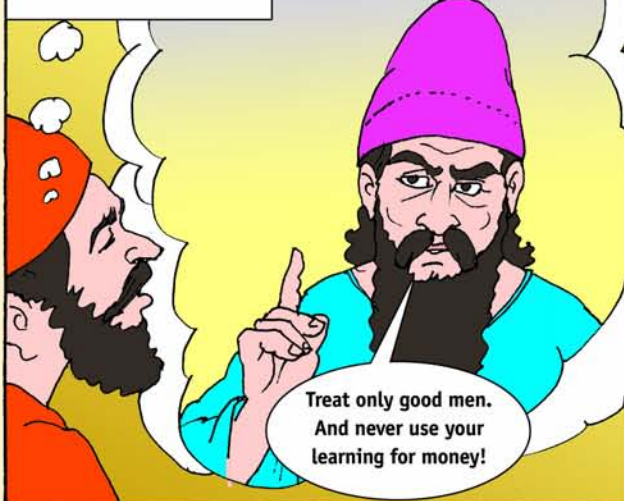
The king was suffering from a dangerous disease. No physician in the kingdom could cure him.



In a small village there lived a wise man.



The wise man remembered his master's words.

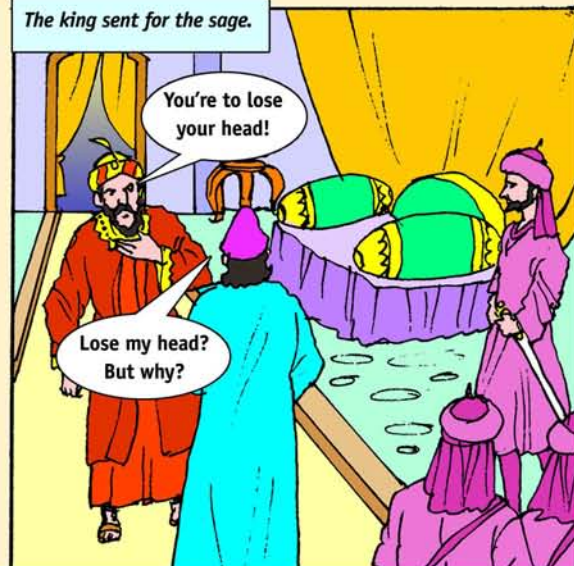
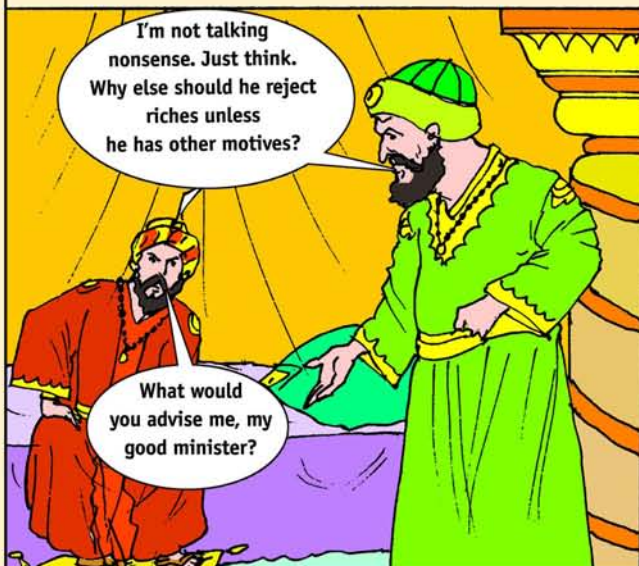
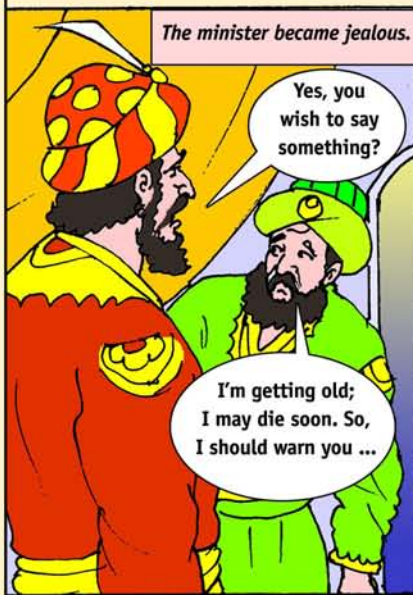


The wise man went and called on the king.





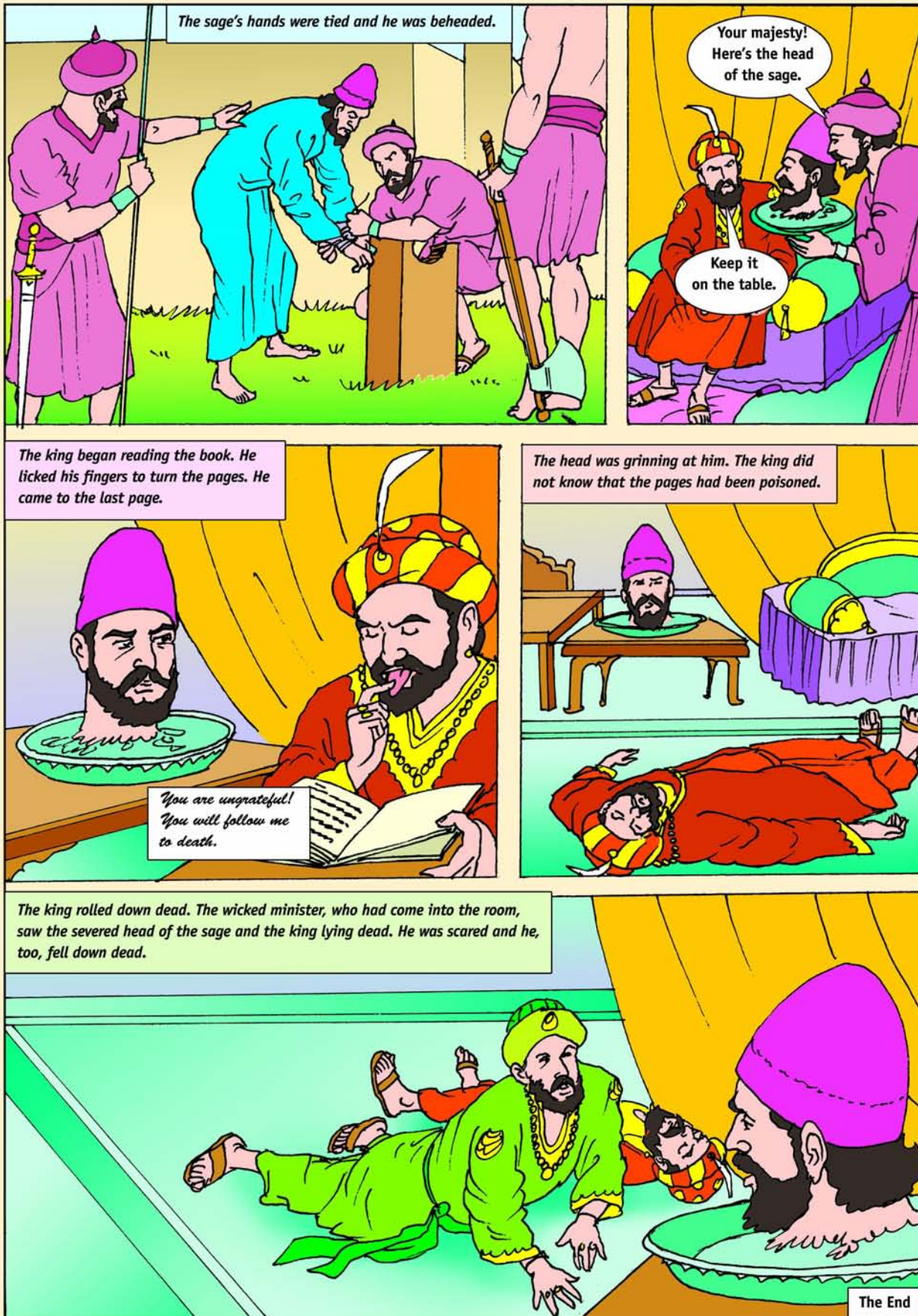
REVENGE OF THE DEAD



The Arabian Nights

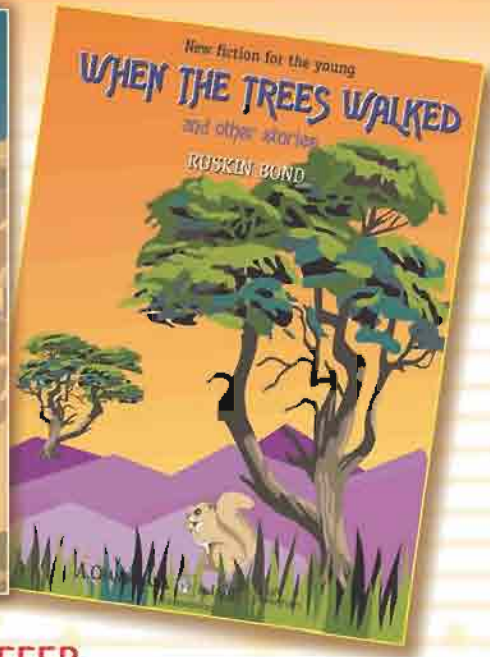
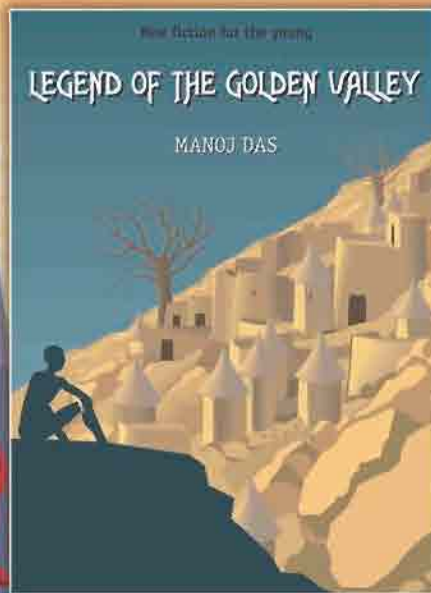
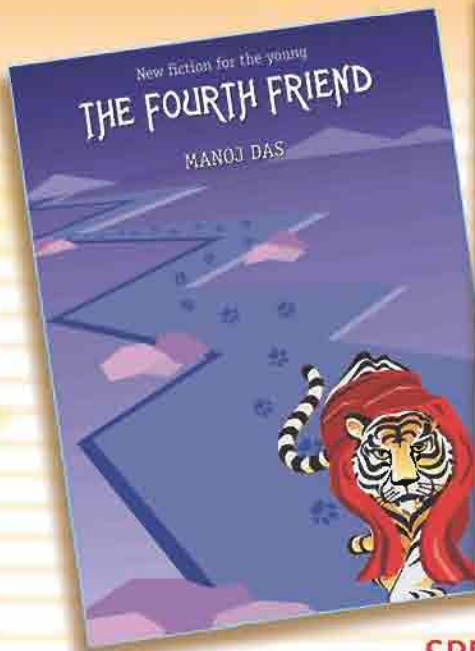


REVENGE OF THE DEAD



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INDIA SCOPE

AKBAR'S NEW CAPITAL



Emperor Babar established his capital in Agra and his successor Humayun, too, ruled from there. Akbar wished to build a new capital to commemorate his victories and also to mark the birth of his first son, who was born with the blessings of the Muslim saint, Salim Chishti of Sikri village, a little away from Agra. Akbar began building what subsequently came to be known as Fatehpur Sikri. However, he abandoned the idea of making it his capital. He found it was impossible to bring river Yamuna's waters from Agra to Fatehpur Sikri. His son, Jehangir, also called Salim after the saint, continued to rule from Agra. It was left to his son Shah Jehan to shift the Mughal capital to Delhi.

A SARI IN 18 MONTHS

A brocaded Paithani sari takes 18 months to be woven, and it may cost anything up to Rs1.5 lakh. Even skilled hands can weave only an inch of the fabric in a 12-hour day. Are you surprised? Well, it has a long history. The *Rig Veda* mentions of a golden weave; Greek records have references to gorgeous looking fabric from Pratishtan, capital of the Satavahana kingdom. It is believed that the fabric was originally woven exclusively for emperors and nobles. Present-day Paithan, on the banks of the Godavari, is 56km from Aurangabad. Following the Mughal invasion, the weavers left the place and returned to Paithan several years later to set up their looms once again. During the Maratha rule, the womenfolk wore these dazzling saris, especially during weddings. It was believed that the Paithani sari carried a blessing into it, and if a bride were to wear it, it ensured long life for the bridegroom!



DAYS IN A YEAR

Any child will say, there are 365 days in a year and an extra day in a leap year. Some 1,500 years ago, it was India's astronomer Bhaskaracharya who rightly calculated that the earth takes exactly 365.258756484 days to go round the sun once, which is counted as one year. Of course, you all know that it was again India's Aryabhata who founded the concept of zero and gave added strength to the number system which till then had known only nine numbers.



WEST FINDS A SEA ROUTE TO FABULOUS INDIA

"There must be a way to the splendid land of India round the southern tip of Africa. Go and find it for me." More than 500 years ago, King Emanuel I of Portugal thus gave his orders to Vasco da Gama, one of the greatest explorers in history.

Vasco da Gama was born at Sines, a small seaport in the province of Alemtejo in Portugal, around 1460. While a young man, he studied astronomy and navigation and fought in the wars as a naval officer. He had by then gained distinction as a fearless and undaunted mariner.

In fact, around 1488, Bartholomew Diaz, one of the last great Portuguese seamen, sailed round the south end of Africa, which none had done till then. The weather there was rough and stormy. At the point where the coast turned round was a big cape which he called the Cape of Storms.

But when he returned home and narrated his adventures, King Emanuel said, "No! No! We will not call it the Cape of Storms. It is the turning point which we have been trying to find for so long. We will call it the Cape of Good Hope. For it gives us hope that next time our ships will be able to sail round and go on to India."

So, on July 9, 1497 Vasco da Gama, then 37, sailed down the Tagus, commanding a fleet of four ships especially built for the expedition. In accordance with

the fond wish of his monarch, he set out on his mission to find a sea-route to the glorious land of India with its fabulous wealth and mysterious wisdom.

Day after day, week after week, and month after month the little ships bravely sailed through the uncharted seas. One morning, suddenly great masses of seaweed came floating past the vessels; land was not far. Some days later, they did sight land and the mariner found a pleasant little bay where the ships could be sheltered from wind. He named it St. Helena Bay. Ninety-six days had passed by, and almost 4,500 miles covered on unknown waters. It was the longest voyage that man had yet made without sighting land.

When they went ashore, they saw strange natives collecting wild honey. They were short stout people, yellowish brown in colour and were dressed in skins. They were called Hottentots. The Portuguese showed them seed, pearls, clove and cinnamon, but they were not impressed at all. However, they were captivated by red caps, tiny bells and tiny rings. These they exchanged with fat oxen and fine buffaloes.

But suddenly the natives grew aggressive, perhaps suspecting that these strangers had come to capture their land. They began to throw spears. Vasco da Gama and his men were wounded. They quickly went back to their ships and later sailed away. As they proceeded after

rounding the Cape of Good Hope, a sudden storm arose. So fierce was it that the sailors suggested that they should now turn back and avoid the tempest. Vasco da Gama retorted that he had taken a vow “never to turn about a single span’s breadth, and threatened to toss the next man overboard who suggested such a course.” But the crew continued with their pleadings.

At last to everyone’s relief and delight there was a lull in the raging tempest and the ships once again could smoothly sail along their course. On Christmas Day they passed a pleasant-looking land which Vasco da Gama called Natal, meaning “birth”, in honour of the birth of Jesus Christ. Soon due to the strong currents they were forced to halt at the mouth of River Limpopo. Here the friendly Bantu natives thronged the beach and welcomed them with much rejoicings. They were tall, black people. Some wore big copper rings on their arms and legs. They supplied the visitors with fowls for food and as much fresh water as they could carry on their vessels. So pleased and happy was the explorer with the reception that he called the place Land of Good People.

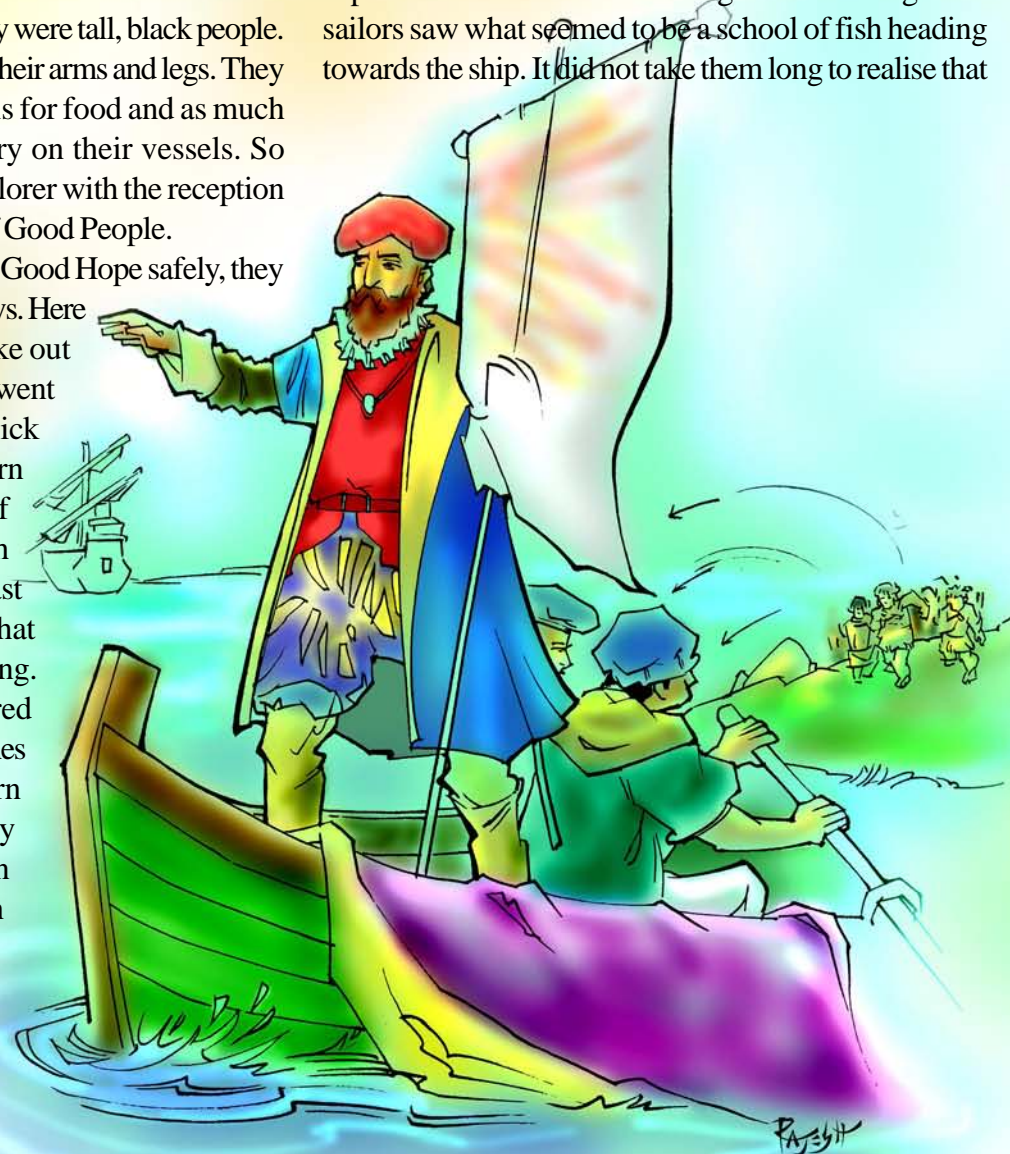
After rounding the Cape of Good Hope safely, they camped in Kilimane for some days. Here the deadly disease scurvy broke out and more than half of the crew went out of action. Many were still sick when the fleet of weather-worn vessels entered the port of Mozambique. It was bustling with life and activity in sharp contrast with the loneliness of the sea that they had been used to for so long. Before them they saw anchored large Arab vessels laden with riches and wealth of the fabled eastern countries. The handsomely dressed merchants, with silken caps embroidered in gold, spun tales to Vasco da Gama and his men of the boundless wealth of India, which they called Indies.

Hiring two natives to guide his ships along the coast, the mariner proceeded on his

course. But the wind was not favourable. So he decided to stop awhile and go back to get some more water. But the natives would not allow him to land and asked him to go back to his country.

Some days later the ships reached Mombasa. The king sent the visitors a gift of sheep, oranges, lemons and sugarcane. The Portuguese sailors relished the “large sweet oranges, the best that had ever been seen”. But Vasco da Gama was suspicious of the king and his people.

In those days prisoners were often tortured, and the cautious commander ordered boiling oil to be poured on the captives to make them tell if there was any plot against him. For fear of their lives, the natives revealed that indeed the people of Mombasa had laid out a cunning plot to capture the vessels and their cargoes. At midnight the sailors saw what seemed to be a school of fish heading towards the ship. It did not take them long to realise that



the fish were in fact armed swimmers. When the alarm was raised, the intruders silently swam away.

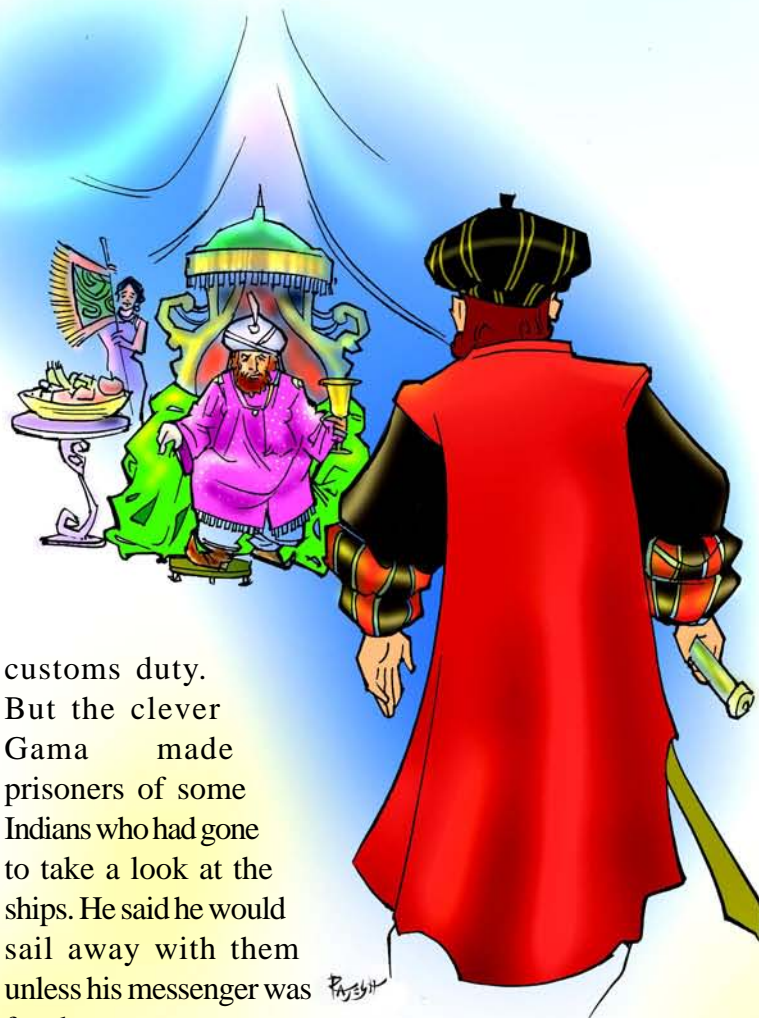
Now, in “eager pursuit of the riches ahead, the explorers sailed on. From captain to cabin boy, they forgot the scourges of scurvy and storm.” After a halt at Malindi on the east coast of Africa the little ships forged ahead farther along and then sailed away from Africa across the Indian Ocean. The southwest breeze filled their sails and speeded them on their way. At last on May 20, 1498, they touched the big city of Calicut on the Malabar coast of India.

Putting on his best clothes and accompanied by thirteen of his men, Vasco da Gama set off to meet the King of Calicut, known as the Zamorin. Gama was carried in a palanquin. All the way there thronged curious crowds of people trying to have a glimpse of the strange white men. Soon they entered the beautiful gardens of the palace where fountains played among the trees.

The king sat on a couch covered with a cloth of green velvet. The couch had a sort of roof with borders of gold. Beside the ruler rested a gold basin, so large that a man could only just reach round it with his arms. In this bowl were some kind of fruit called arecanuts. The king was chewing these nuts along with leaves of betel. In his hand he held a big gold cup into which he spat out the blood-red juice. He was enjoying what we call in India the *paan*. He welcomed his guests with much warmth and graciousness.

The next day according to the prevailing custom, the king’s officers were sent to look at the gifts the strangers had brought for the king. They were disappointed. The explorers had come half round the globe to present such ordinary stuff as corals, bells, striped cloth, hoods, hats, sugar, honey and oil to the monarch of one of the most cultured race in the world! They only laughed and made great fun of them. Vasco da Gama felt very sad indeed, but he had nothing better with him to offer.

Meanwhile, the Arab traders who were jealous of the visitors had already incited the local people against them. They had also put a word to the king that these Portuguese were wicked swindlers and pirates. So, when Vasco da Gama sent a messenger to the king to say that he was leaving, the king detained him. He said he could go away provided he paid a large sum of money as



customs duty. But the clever Gama made prisoners of some Indians who had gone to take a look at the ships. He said he would sail away with them unless his messenger was freed.

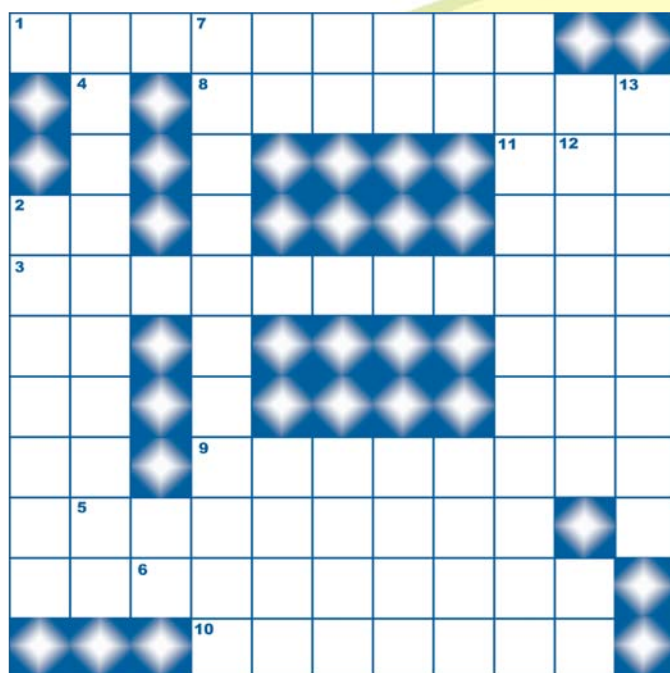
So the Zamorin was compelled to send back the messenger along with a letter for the King of Portugal. It read: “Vasco da Gama, a gentleman of your household, came to my country which is rich in cinnamon, cloves, ginger, pepper and precious stones. That which I ask you in exchange is gold, silver, corals, and scarlet cloth.” This was supposed to be one of the first business letters in history.

Setting his prisoners free, the mariner sailed away homewards. When he arrived there in September 1499, there was great joy and celebrations in Portugal. Vasco da Gama returned to India in 1502 and a third time in 1524. On December 24 that year, he died at Cochin.

In terms of courage, determination and sheer endurance, Vasco da Gama’s journey is one of the greatest historic events. His discovery of the sea-route to India forever changed the course of history and geography of the world. But he was cruel and barbaric. His conduct in India was despicable. It shows how a man can be brave and at the same time wicked. **(A.K.D)**

PUZZLE DAZZLE

SCIENCE CROSSWORD



Here is a crossword on Science. Use the clues below to solve it.



Across:

1. Which device is used to measure atmospheric pressure? (9)
3. In which condition does the body lack pigmentation? (8)
5. To which species does the komodo dragon belong? (8)
6. What is the study of animals called? (8)
8. Which flavouring agent is obtained from *Crocus sativus*? (7)
9. What is the unit for expressing radioactivity? (5)
10. Who observed the surface of the moon through a telescope for the first time? (7)

Down:

2. Which mineral is the principal ore of aluminium? (7)
4. Who invented the ball-point pen? (9)
7. Which is the largest living bird? (7)
11. To which animal does the iguana belong? (6)
12. What is 'Dandy fever' or 'Breakbone fever' more commonly known as? (6)
13. Which is a natural abrasive? (8)

BIRTHDAY CAKE

You have to cut a birthday cake into exactly eight pieces, but you're only allowed to make three straight cuts, and you can't move the pieces of the cake as you cut. How can you do it?



ANSWER TO BIRTHDAY CAKE:

Make the first two cuts as an 'X' on the top of the cake. You have now four pieces. Make the third cut horizontal, which will divide the four pieces into eight. Think of a two by two by two Rubik's cube. There are four pieces on the top tier and four more just underneath it.

SOLUTION TO SCIENCE CROSSWORD :

Across : 1. Barometer, 3. Albinism, 5. Reptiles, 6. Ethology, 8. Saffron, 9. Curie, 10. Galileo.

Down : 2. Bauxite, 4. Lazo Biro, 7. Ostrich, 11. Lizard, 12. Dengue, 13. Corundum.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF



FANTASYLAND

The world's oldest amusement park is in Bakken, near Copenhagen, capital of Denmark. Opened in 1583, it is functioning even now.



FRONTIERLAND

Everyone loves fun. Especially children. At home they play games like Snakes and Ladders, Ludo, carroms or chess. Of course, they find there is more fun in the open, say in a park where they can meet their friends and indulge in open air games. But don't they get more enjoyment when parents take them for a picnic?

That was the beginning of amusement parks in Europe in the 17th and 18th centuries. They provided entertainment, fireworks, and facilities for games and dancing. When their popularity began to fade in Europe, it was the turn of America to think of amusement parks. An opportunity came when a World Fair opened in Chicago in 1893. For the first time, the giant Ferris Wheel was introduced as an item of amusement.

In 1894, Captain Paul Boyton opened the world's first modern amusement park—Paul Boyton's Water Chutes—in Chicago. In the next 25 years, more than 1,500 amusement parks came to be opened all over the U.S.A. However, by the time World War II broke out in 1939, only some 400 parks were functioning.

Walt Disney, who was producing animation movies with cartoon characters like Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck and others, was planning to open parks where children and parents could have fun in each other's company. The 'magical parks' he had in mind needed large areas where he could "build" mountains and rivers, waterfalls and fairy-tale castles, moon rockets and railroad. A search for such a place ended in Anaheim, California, where a 160-acre plot was bought to put up what came to be famously called Disneyland. It opened in 1955.

Disneyland, which is celebrating its Golden Jubilee from May 5 for 18 long months, is generally considered as the

The Ferris Wheel, conceived by an engineer, G.W. George Ferris, was a 264ft high revolving vertical wheel with passenger seats suspended on its rim.



DISNEYLAND

first ever 'theme park' in the world. The main attractions are Adventureland, Frontierland, Fantasyland, and Tomorrowland. In **Adventureland**, you will come across some of the remote jungles of Asia and Africa which have not been touched by civilization. **Frontierland** helps visitors, especially Americans themselves, to re-live the country's history.

Children will forget themselves in **Fantasyland**, where the main attraction is the castle of the Sleeping Beauty. In the fantasy village one can see Peter Pan flying over a moonlit London and the nonsensical wonderland of Alice. In **Tomorrowland**, you are helped to imagine how the world would look like tomorrow and the day after. It appears Disney had a nagging doubt whether by the time Tomorrowland was created, it might not go out of date!

One of the greatest attractions in Disneyland is the parade on **Main Street, USA**. At certain appointed hours every day, all the characters created by Walt Disney move in a procession to the accompaniment of music and dance. Visitors will never forget this colourful parade, which will remain in their memory for long. Among the latest attractions added to Disneyland is Mickey's Toontown.

Thus, Disneyland is really a theme park which gives something more than mere amusement. During the first ten years, it attracted over 50,000,000 visitors from the world over. Within the U.S.A., people in the east grumbled that Disneyland is so far away. So, Walt Disney opened a Disneyworld in Florida in 1971. In subsequent years, he opened a Magic Park in Paris and a Disneyland in Tokyo. In November this year, a fifth Disneyland will open in Hong Kong. According to the management of Disneyland, plans are on to open similar parks in India and China.



There is mystery in the postal address of Disneyland in Anaheim: 1313 Harbour Boulevard. Can you guess? The 13th letter in the alphabet is M; and so 1313 stands for MM, which is an abbreviation of... Mickey Mouse!



TOMORROWLAND



ADVENTURELAND



MICKEY'S TOONTOWN



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WHAT A WASTE !



One day, Veena and her mother go shopping at a mall near her father's office. While returning, they decide to surprise her father with a visit.

When they reach the office, they are told that he is in a meeting. However, the meeting, which has been going on since morning, is likely to end soon. So, the peon ushers Veena and her mother into her father's cabin, where they can wait for him.

As Veena steps into the cabin, she is surprised to be greeted by the hum of the AC. Her father is not in and the cabin has apparently been empty for the last two hours; yet, the AC is on! Not only this, the tubelight and the table lamp on her father's table are also on, and the ceiling fan as well as a pedestal fan in the corner are both whirring away to glory!

Veena's father walks in. "What a pleasant surprise!" he exclaims. "When did you two come? Have you been waiting for long?" But Veena is hardly listening! She is impatient to ask him something. She cuts in, "Daddy, at home you make me switch off all the lights, fans and other electrical appliances when I'm not using them, saying that we should not waste electricity. But how is it that you don't do the same thing in your office as well? You did not turn off the AC, fans, and lights when you left your cabin. Tell me, Daddy, is it correct to waste electricity when it is someone else who is paying the bill?"

Veena's question hits her father like a slap in the face. 'How wise my little girl is!' he thinks. 'She has opened my eyes to something I never saw all along. I never bothered about power wastage in the office, thinking that it isn't my problem – that my responsibility ends with power conservation at home. But now I realise that this attitude was wrong.'

"Thank you, my dear!" he says to Veena. "From now on I will switch off all electrical appliances when not in use, not just at home but also in the office. I know, wasting electricity is a crime – everywhere."

DO YOU



KNOW?

Power Saved is Power Produced!



Still would you let it go waste ?



Dear Children,

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